

# THE ATHENÆUM.

London Literary and Critical Journal.

No. 23.

LONDON, FRIDAY, APRIL 8, 1828.

Price 7d.

## SKETCHES OF CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS.

### No. XII.—Lord Byron.

THE mind of a poet of the highest order is the most perfect mind that can belong to man. There is no intellectual power, and no state of feeling, which may not be the instrument of poetry, and in proportion as reason, reflection, or sympathy is wanting, in the same degree is the poet restricted in his mastery over the resources of his art. The poet is the great interpreter of nature's mysteries, not by narrowing them into the grasp of the understanding, but by connecting each of them with the feeling which changes doubt to faith. His most gorgeous and varied painting is not displayed as an idle phantasmagoria, but there flows through all its scenes the clear and shining water, which, as we wander for delight, or rest for contemplation, perpetually reflects to us an image of our own being. He sympathises with all phenomena by his intuition of all principles; and his mind is a mirror which catches and images the whole scheme and working of the world. He comprehends all feelings, though he only cherishes the best; and, even while he exhibits to us the frenzies or degradations of humanity, we are conscious of an ever-present divinity, elevating and hallowing the evil that surrounds it.

A great poet may be of any time, or rank, or country; a beggar, an outcast, a slave, or even a courtier. The external limits of his social relations may be narrow and wretched as they will, but they will always have an inward universality. In his rags, he is nature's treasurer: though he may be blind, he sees the past and the future, and though the servant of servants, he is ever at large and predominant. But there are things which he cannot be. He cannot be a scerner, or selfish, or luxurious and sensual. He cannot be a self-worshipper, for he only breathes by sympathy, and is its organ; he cannot be untrue, for it is his high calling to interpret those universal truths which exist on earth only in the forms of his creation. He cannot be given up to libertine debauchery; for it is impossible to dwell at once before the starry threshold of Jove's court, and in the den of lewd and drunken revel. It was to Hades, not to Olympus, that the comrades of Ulysses voyaged, from the island of Circe; nor can we pass, without long and hard purgation, from the sty to the sanctuary, or from the wine-cup to the fountain of immortality. The poet must be of a fearless honesty; for he has to do battle with men for that which men most dread, the regeneration, namely, of man: and yet he must be also of a loving-kindness; for his arms are the gentleness of his accents, and the music of all sweet thoughts. Such is the real and perfect poet; and it is only in so far as verse-artisans approach to this, that they are entitled to that lofty and holy name. But he who is such as has been now described, is indeed of as high and sacred a function as can belong to man. It is not the black garment, nor the precise and empty phrase, which makes men ministers of God; but the communion with that Spirit of God, which was, in all its fulness, upon those mighty poets, Isaiah and Ezekiel; which unrolled its visions over the rocks of Patmos, and is, in larger or smaller measure, the teacher of every bard.

Many of the warmest admirers of poetry will, of course, be shocked at the idea of its being any

thing more than an innocent amusement. It is in their eyes a pretty pastime, to be classed with the making of handscreens, or the shooting of partridges, an art not at all more important, and only a little more agreeable, than rope-dancing or back-gammon, to be resorted to when we are weary of the graver and more difficult operations of summing up figures, or filling sheepskins with legal formulas. These are the persons who are perfectly contented with a poet, if he supplies them with excitement at the least possible expense of thought; who profess that the Fairy Queen, is tedious and 'uninteresting,' who only do not despise Milton, because he is commonly reported to have been a man of genius, who treat Wordsworth as a driveller, and Coleridge as a 'dreamer of dreams.' And herein they are, perhaps, right; for, being deaf, they have not heard the piping, and how then could they dance? We trust, however, that we have many readers who will agree with us in taking a different view of these matters, and to them we would say a few words about Lord Byron.

No one, probably, will be inclined to maintain, that Lord Byron's poetry produces a good moral effect, except those who are anxious to spread the disbelief of the goodness of God, and to bring about the promiscuous intercourse of the sexes. With such persons, we have at present no quarrel. They are welcome to their opinions, so far as we are concerned; and we can only lament, for their own sakes, that they should think and feel as they do. To those who, without going so far as these, yet deny that his writings have a bad moral influence, we will give up the advantage to be derived from pressing the two above-mentioned points, and put the question on other grounds: and we wish to state distinctly, that we think, in the first place, Lord Byron (as seen in his writings) had no sympathy with human nature, and no belief in its goodness; and, secondly, that he had no love of truth. These are grave charges; and, at least, as grave in our eyes as in those of any of our readers. But we are convinced of the justice of them; and no fear of being classed with the bigots, of being called churchmen rather than Christians, and believers in articles, more than believers in God, shall prevent us from expressing and enforcing our conviction.

The attempt to prove any thing as to the habitual state of mind of a writer, by picking out detached sentences from his works, we look upon as vain and sophistical; vain, because no sentence of any author expresses the same meaning when detached from the context as when taken along with it; sophistical, because the very selection and abruptness of these parts indicates a wish to persuade us that we ought to judge of a house from a single brick. The only satisfactory and honest method of estimating an author is, by considering the general impression which his works leave upon the mind. Now, if any candid and reflecting man, (or woman,) were to inform us of the influence exerted upon him by the perusal of one of Lord Byron's poems, would not his account be something of this sort—that he had felt inclined to look with scorn and bitterness upon his fellow-creatures, to wrap himself up in his own selfishness, and to see, in the outward world, not embodiments of that one idea of beauty which prevails in our own minds, not frame-works for human conceptions and affections, but mere images of his own personality, and vantage-grounds on which to raise himself afar from and above

mankind? Would he not say that he had been imbibing discontent, disgust, satiety, and learning to look upon life as a dreary dullness, relieved only by betaking ourselves to the wildest excesses and fiercest intensity of evil impulse. If, as we firmly believe, a sincere observer of himself would give us this account of his own feelings, after communing with the poetry of Byron, the question as to its beneficial or even innocent tendency is at an end. It is true that there are in man higher powers than those which tend directly to action; and there may be a character of a very exalted kind, though not the most perfect, which would withdraw itself from the business of society, and from the task of forwarding the culture of its generation, to contemplate with serene and grateful awe the perfect glory of the creation. But this is not the species of superiority to those around us and independence of them, which is fostered by the works of Lord Byron. The feeling which runs through them is that of a self-consuming scorn, and a self-exhausting weariness, as remote as can be from the healthful and majestic repose of philosophic meditation, as different from it as is the noisome glare of a theatre from that midnight firmament which folds the world in a starry atmosphere of religion; while the practical portion of our nature is displayed in his writings, as only active and vigorous amid the atrocities or the villenous of the foulest passions. He saw in mankind not a being to be loved, but to be despised; and despised, not for vice, ignorance, insensibility, or selfishness, but because he is obliged, by a law of his being, to look up to some power above himself, because he is not self-created and self-existing, nor 'himself, his world, and his own God.'

As the Lord Byron of 'Childe Harold' and 'Don Juan' had no sympathy with mankind, neither does he seem to us to have had any love of truth. He appears to have felt that we have a natural tendency towards admiring and feeling, in accordance with the show of bold and bad predominances. The corrupt vanity of men, the propensity which teaches them to revere Cromwell and worship Napoleon, has made the world derive a diseased gratification from the pictures of Harold and Conrad. But these latter personages are essentially untrue. All that gives them more of the heroic and romantic character than the former worthies, is superadded to the original basis of evil and worthlessness, and is utterly inconsistent with it. And this Lord Byron must have known. He who put together these monsters, must have been aware that they are as false, and, to a philosopher, as ridiculous as sphynxes, or chimeras to a naturalist. But he had so little love of truth, that he could not resist the temptation of encircling himself with these bombastic absurdities, to raise the astonishment of sentimental mantua-makers.

It is mournful to see that so much of energy and real feeling should have been perverted to the formation of these exaggerated beings, alternately so virtuous and so vicious, now so overflowing with tenderness, and so bright with purity, and again so hard, and vile, and atrocious. These qualities, to be sure, are all found in man; but the combination, where, in earth or moon, shall we look to find it? The principles of human nature are not mere toys, like phosphorus and paint, wherewith to eke out goblins: and he who pretends to exalt the mind by representing it as

superior, not only to its meaner necessities, but to its best affections, in truth, degrades it to the basest of uses, by exhibiting it, not as a thing to be revered, and loved, and studied with conscientious and scrutinising reflection, but as a dead and worthless material, which he may pound and compound—evaporate into a cloud, or analyse into a *caput mortuum*, and subject to all the metamorphoses which are worked by the lath wand of a conjuror. It is only by attributing the favourite thoughts and deeds of his writings to personages whom we feel throughout, though we may not realise the consciousness, to be essentially different from ourselves, that he could, for a moment, beguile us into conceiving libertinism sublime, and malignity amiable; and, if mankind were so educated as to know the constitution of their own souls, if they had learned to reflect more and to remember less, they would never be deluded into sympathy with phantoms as unsubstantial and inconsistent as the Minotaur, the Scylla, the Harpies, and the Cyclops of fable,—the Anthropophagi, and men whose heads

'Do grow beneath their shoulders.'

We entirely omit the question of the direct irreligion and indecency of his writings. As to these matters, those who feel religiously will blame him, without our assistance, and those who approve of infidelity, or gloat over obscurity, will applaud, in spite of us. At present, we neither seek to heighten the reprobation, nor to diminish aught from the approval. For ourselves, we lament the Anti-Christian and impure tendencies of his mind, not so much for any positive evil they can do,—this, we suspect, being much over-rated,—as because they are evidences of the degradation of a powerful mind, and of the pollution of much and strong good feeling. We certainly differ considerably from the greater number of those who have attacked him, as to the particular parts of his writings, which merit the severest condemnation. The story of Haidee seems to us much less mischievous than that of Donna Julia, and this far more endurable than the amour with Catherine. 'Childe Harold' will do more harm than 'Cain,' and either of them more than the parody of 'The Vision of Judgment.' Of this, also, we are sure, that had he never openly outraged public opinion by direct blasphemies and grossness, the world would have been well enough content to receive his falsifications of human nature for genuine; and all his forced contortions, and elaborate agonies, would have passed current as natural manifestations of a reasonable and pretty despair. But, when he once did violence to those names which are the idols of the age, while the spirit of religion is wanting, he became a mark for the condemnation of those who live by the service of Bel and Dagon. He might exhibit man as a wretched and contemptible, an utterly hopeless and irrecoverably erring creature,—he might represent selfishness and vanity as the true glories of our nature,—he might leave us no home but solitude, and no stay but sensuality, and deny not only God, but good;—and yet be the favourite of pious Reviewers, the drawing-room autoerast, the boudoir deity. But when he once dared to doubt, in so many words, of the wisdom of Providence, and, instead of hinting adultery, to name fornication, the morality of a righteous generation rose up in arms against him; and those who ought long before to have wept over the prostitution of such a mind, affected a new-born horror at the event, though they had been delighting for years in the reality of the pollution.

We wish not to deny that Lord Byron was a poet, and a great one. There are moods of the mind which he has delineated with remarkable fidelity. But, as Shakespeare would not have been what he is, had he exhibited only the fantastic waywardness of Hamlet, or the passionate love of Romeo, so Byron is less than a first-rate poet for the uniformity with which he has dis-

played that intense self-consciousness, and desperate indifference, which he has undoubtedly embodied more completely than any other English writer. The sceptre of his power is, indeed, girt with the wings of an angel, but it is also wreathed with earth-born serpents; and, while we admire we must sigh, and shudder while we bow.

#### SALATHIEL.

*Salathiel: A Story of the Past, the Present, and the Future.* 3 vols. 12mo. Colburn. London, 1828.

A copy of this interesting and powerfully written work having just come into our hands, we are anxious to give our readers an opportunity of judging of its very peculiar beauties and originality of style. For this purpose we have selected several extracts; but, as the work itself is not yet complete, we must defer giving a detailed opinion of it, till we are able to read the conclusion. We must, however, mention, that the story commences with the terrors that followed our Saviour's Crucifixion and the Siege of Jerusalem; that the scene is Judea, and the principal character, that mysterious being on whom the doom is supposed to have been passed of existing upon earth till the Second Advent.

#### The Demon Epiphanes.

'In one of those wanderings, I had followed the course of the Kedron, which, from a brook under the walls of Jerusalem, swells to a river on its descent to the Dead Sea. The blood of the sacrifices from the conduits of the altars curled on its surface, and stained the sands purple. It looked like a wounded vein from the mighty heart above. I still strayed on, wrapt in sad forebodings of the hour when its stains might be of more than sacrifice; until I found myself on the edge of the lake. Who has ever seen that black expanse without a shudder? There were the ingulphed cities. Around it life was extinct—no animal bounded—no bird hovered. The distant rushing of the River Jordan, as it forced its current through the heavy waters, or the sigh of the wind through the reeds, alone broke the silence of this mighty grave. Of the melancholy objects of nature, none is more depressing than a large expanse of stagnant waters. No gloom of forest, no wildness of mountain, is so overpowering, as this dreary, unrelieved flatness:—the marshy border—the sickly vegetation of the shore—the leaden colour which even the sky above it wears, tinged by its sepulchral atmosphere. But the waters before me were not left to the dreams of a saddened fancy:—they were a sepulchre. Myriads of human beings lay beneath them, entombed in sulphurous beds.—The wrath of Heaven had been there.

'The day of destruction seemed to pass again before my eyes, as I lay gazing on those sullen depths. I saw them once more a plain covered with richness; cities glittering in the morning sun; multitudes pouring out from their gates to sports and festivals: the land exulting with life and luxuriance. Then a cloud gathered above, I heard the voice of the thunder;—it was answered by the earthquake. Fireburst from the skies;—it was answered by a thousand founts of fire spouting from the plain. The distant hills blazed, and threw volcanic showers over the cities. Round them was a tide of burning bitumen. The earthquake heaved again. All sank into the gulf. I heard the roar of the distant waters. They rushed into the bed of fire; the doom was done: the cities of the plain were gone down to the blackness of darkness for ever.

'I was idly watching the bursts of suffocating vapour that shoot up at intervals from the rising masses of bitumen, when I was startled by a wild laugh and wilder figure beside me. I sprang on my feet, and prepared for defence with my poniard: the figure waved his hand in sign to sheathe the unnecessary weapon; and said, in a tone strange and melancholy, "You are in my power; but I do not come to injure you. I have been contemplating your countenance for some time: I have seen your features deeply disturbed—your wringing hands—your convulsed form: are you even as I am?"

'The voice was singularly mild: yet I never heard a sound that so keenly pierced my brain. The speaker was of the tallest stature of man—every sinew and muscle exhibiting gigantic strength; yet with the symmetry of a Greek statue. But his countenance was the true wonder—it was of the finest mould of manly beauty: the contour was Greek, but the hue was Syrian: yet the dark tinge of country gave way at times

to a more than corpse-like paleness. I had full leisure for the view; for he stood gazing on me without word; and I remained fixed on my defence. "At length," he said, "put up that poniard! You could no more hurt me, than you could resist me. Look here!" He wrenched a huge mass of rock from the ground, and whirled it far into the lake, as if it had been a pebble. I gazed with speechless astonishment. "Yes," pursued the figure, "they throw me into their prisons—they lash me—they stretch me on the rack—they burn my flesh." As he spoke, he flung aside his robe, and showed his broad breast covered with scars. "Short-sighted fools! little they know him who suffers, or him who commands. If it were not my will to endure, I could crush my tormentors as I crush an insect. They chain me too," said he with a laugh of scorn. He drew out the arm which had been hitherto wrapped in his robe. It was loaded with links of iron of prodigious thickness. He grasped one of them in his hand, twisted it off with scarcely an effort, and flung it up a slight distance in the air. "Such are bars and bolts to me! When my time is come to suffer, I submit to be tortured! When my time is past, I tear away their fetters, burst their dungeons, and walk forth trampling their armed men."

'I sheathed the dagger. "Does this strength amaze you?" said the being: "look to yonder dust;" and he pointed to a cloud of sand that came flying along the shore. "I could outstrip that whirlwind; I could plunge unhurt into the depths of that sea; I could ascend that mountain swifter than the eagle; I could ride that thunder-cloud."

'As he threw himself back, gazing upon the sky—with his grand form buoyant with vigour, and his arm exalted—he looked like one to whom height or depth could offer no obstacle. His mantle flew out along the blast like the unfurling of a mighty wing. There was something in his look and voice that gave irresistible conviction to his wild words.—Conscious mastery was in all about him. I should not have felt surprise to see him spring up into the elements.

'My mind grew inflamed with his presence. My blood burned with sensations, for which language has no name; a thirst of power—a scorn of earth—a proud and fiery longing for the command of the hidden mysteries of nature. I felt, as the great ancestor of mankind might have felt, when the voice of the tempter told him, "Ye shall be even as gods."

"Give me your power," I exclaimed; "the world to me is worthless: with man all my ties are broken: let me live in the desert, and be even as you are: give me your power." "My power!" he repeated, with a ghastly laugh that rang to the skies, and was echoed round the wilderness by what seemed voices innumerable, until it died away in a distant groan. "Look on this forehead!"—he threw back the corner of his mantle. A furrow was drawn round his brow, covered with gore, and gaping like a fresh wound. "Here," howled he, "sat the diadem.—I was Epiphanes."

"You, Antiochus! the tyrant—the persecutor—the spoiler—the accursed of Israel!" I bounded backwards in sudden horror.

'I saw before me one of those spirits of the evil dead, who are allowed from time to time to re-appear on earth in the body, whether of the dead or the living. For some cause that none could unfold, Judea had been, within the last few years, haunted by them more than for centuries. Strange rites, dangerously borrowed from the idolaters, were resorted to for our relief from this new terror; the pulling of the mandrake at the eclipse of the moon—incantations—midnight offerings—the root Baaras, that was said to flash flame, and kill the animal that drew it from the ground. Our Sadducees and sceptics, wise in their own conceits, declared that possession was but a human disease, a wilder insanity. But, with the rage and misery of madness, there were tremendous distinctions that raised it beyond all the ravages of the hurt mind, or the afflicted frame; the look, the language, the horror of the possessed, were above man. They defied human restraint; they lived in wildernesses where the very insects died; the fiery sun of the East, the inclemency of the fiercest winter, had no power to break down their strength. But they had stronger signs; they spoke of things to which the wisdom of the wisest was folly; they told of the remotest future with the force of prophecy; they gave glimpses of a knowledge brought from realms of being inaccessible to living man; last and loftiest sign, they did homage to the coming, whom a cloud of darkness, the guilty and impenetrable darkness of the heart, had veiled from my unhappy nation. But their worship was terror—they believed and trembled.—Vol. I., pp. 93—100.



*A Lion Fight.*

\*Dismounting, for the side of the hill was almost precipitous, I led my panting Arab through beds of myrtle, and every lovely and sweet-smelling bloom, to the edge of a valley, that seemed made to shut out every disturbance of man.

A circle of low hills, covered to the crown with foliage, surrounded a deep space of velvet turf, kept green as the emerald by the flow of rivulets, and the moisture of a pellucid lake in the centre, tinged with every colour of the heavens. The beauty of this sylvan spot was enhanced by the luxuriant profusion of almond, orange, and other trees, that, in every stage of production, from the bud to the fruit, covered the little knolls below, and formed a broad belt round the lake.

Parched as I was by the intolerable heat, this secluded haunt of the very spirit of freshness looked doubly lovely. My eyes, half-blinded by the glare of the sands, and even my mind exhausted by the perplexities of the day, found delicious relaxation in the verdure and dewy breath of the silent valley. My barb, with the quick sense of animals accustomed to the travel of the wilderness, showed her delight by playful boundings, the prouder arching of her neck, and the brighter glancing of her bright eye.

"Here," thought I, as I led her slowly towards the deep descent, "would be the very spot for the innocence that had not tried the world, or the philosophy that had tried it, and found all vanity. Who could dream that, within the borders of this distracted land, in the very hearing, almost within the very sight, of the last miseries that man could inflict on man, there was a retreat, which the foot of man, perhaps, never yet defiled; and in which the calamities that afflict society might be as little felt as if it were among the stars!"

A violent plunge of the barb put an end to my speculation. She exhibited the wildest signs of terror, snorted, and strove to break from me; then fixing her glance keenly on the thickets below, shook in every limb. But the scene was tranquillity itself; the chameleon lay basking in the sun, and the only sound was that of the wild doves murmuring under the broad leaves of the palm-trees.

But my mare still resisted every effort to lead her downwards, her ears were fluttering convulsively, her eyes were starting from their sockets; I grew peevish at the animal's unusual obstinacy, and was about to let her suffer thirst for the day, when my senses were paralyzed by a tremendous roar. A lion stood on the summit which I had but just quitted. He was not a dozen yards above my head, and his first spring must have carried me to the bottom of the precipice. The barb burst away at once. I drew the only weapon I had, a dagger,—and, hopeless as escape was, grasping the tangled weeds to sustain my footing, awaited the plunge. But the lordly savage probably disdained so ignoble prey, and continued on the summit, lashing his sides with his tail, and tearing up the ground. He at length stopped suddenly, listened, as to some approaching foot, and then with a hideous yell sprang over me, and was in the thicket below at a single bound.

The whole thicket was instantly alive; the shade which I had fixed on for the seat of unearthly tranquillity, was an old haunt of lions, and the mighty herd were now roused from their noon-day slumbers. Nothing could be grander or more terrible than this disturbed majesty of the forest kings. In every variety of savage passion, from terror to fury, they plunged, and tore, and yelled; darted through the lake, burst through the thicket, rushed up the hills, or stood baying and roaring defiance against the coming invader; the numbers were immense, for the rareness of shade and water had gathered them from every quarter of the desert.

While I stood clinging to my perilous hold, and fearful of attracting their gaze by the slightest movement, the source of the commotion appeared, in the shape of a Roman soldier issuing, spear in hand, through a ravine at the further side of the valley. He was palpably unconscious of the formidable place into which he was entering; and the gallant clamour of voices through the hills, showed that he was followed by others as bold and unconscious of their danger as himself.

But his career soon closed; his horse's feet had scarcely touched the turf, when a lion was fixed with fangs and claws on the creature's loins. The rider uttered a cry of horror, and, for the instant, sat, helplessly gazing at the open jaws behind him. I saw the lion gathering up his flanks for a second bound, but the soldier, a figure of gigantic strength, grasping the nostrils of

the monster with one hand, and, with the other, shortening his spear, drove the steel, at one resistless thrust, into the lion's forehead. Horse, lion, and rider fell, and continued struggling together.

In the next moment, a mass of cavalry came thundering down the ravine. They had broken off from their march, through the accident of rousing a struggling lion, and followed him in the giddy ardour of the chase. The sight now before them was enough to appal the boldest intrepidity. The valley was filled with the vast herd; retreat was impossible, for the troopers came still pouring in by the only pass, and, from the sudden descent of the glen, horse and man were rolled head foremost among the lions; neither man nor monster could retreat. The conflict was horrible; and the heavy spears of the legionaries plunged through bone and brain. The lions, made more furious by wounds, sprang upon the powerful horses and tore them to the ground, or flew at the troopers' throats, and crushed and dragged away cuirass and buckler. The valley was a struggling heap of human and savage battle; man, lion, and charger, writhing and rolling in agonies, till their forms were undistinguishable. The groans and cries of the legionaries, the screams of the mangled horses, and the roars and howlings of the lions bleeding with sword and spear, tearing the dead, darting up the sides of the hills in terror, and rushing down again with the fresh thirst of gore, baffled all conception of fury and horror.

But man was the conqueror at last; the savage, scared by the spear and thinned in their numbers, made a rush in one body towards the ravine, overthrew every thing in their way, and burst from the valley, awaking the desert for many a league with their roar.

—Vol. ii. pp. 71—77.

*Supernatural Signs during the Siege of Jerusalem.*

In that hour came one of those solemn signs that marked the downfall of Jerusalem.

The tempest, that had blown at intervals with tremendous violence, died away at once; and a surge of light ascended from the horizon, and rolled up rapidly to the zenith. The phenomenon instantly fixed every eye. There was an indefinable sense in the general mind, that a sign of power and Providence was about to be given. The battle ceased; the outcries were followed by utter silence; the armed ranks stood still, in the very act of rushing on each other: all faces were turned on the heavens.

The light rose pale and quivering, like the meteors of a summer evening. But in the zenith it spread and swelled into a splendour, that distinguished it irresistibly from the wonders of earth or air. It swiftly eclipsed every star. The moon vanished before it; the canopy of the sky seemed to be dissolved, for a view into a bright and infinite region beyond, fit for the career of those mighty beings to whom man is but a feather on the gale.

As we gazed, this boundless field was transformed into a field of battle; multitudes poured across it in the fiercest convulsions of combat; horsemen charged, and died under their horses' feet; armour and standards were trampled in blood; column and line burst through each other. At length the battle stooped towards the earth; and, with hearts beating with indescribable feelings, we recognised in the fight the banners of the tribes. It was Jew and Roman struggling for life; the very countenances of the combatants became visible, and each man below saw a representative of himself and his fortunes above. The fate of Jewish war was there written by the hand of Heaven; the fate of the individual was there predicted in the individual triumph or fall. What thought of man can conceive the intense interest with which we watched every blow, every movement, every wound of those images of ourselves?

The light illumined the whole horizon below. The legions were seen drawn out in front of the camps ready for action; every helmet and spear-point glittering in the radiance; every face turned up, gazing in awe and terror on the sky. The tents spreading over the hills; the thousands and tens of thousands of auxiliaries and captives; the little groups of the peasantry roused from sleep by the uproar of the night, and gathered upon the knolls and eminences of their fields: all were bathed in a flood of preternatural lustre.

But the wondrous battle approached its close. The visionary Romans shook; column and cohort gave way, and the banners of the tribes waved in victory over the field. Then first human voices dared to be heard. From the city and the plain burst forth one mighty shout of triumph.

But our presumption was to be soon checked. A peal of thunder that made the very ground tremble un-

der our feet, rolled from the four quarters of the heaven. The conquering host shook, broke, and fled in utter confusion over the sapphire field. It was pursued; but by no semblance of the Roman. An awful enemy was on its steps. Flashes of forked fire, like myriads of lances, darted after it; cloud on cloud deepened down, as the smoke of a mighty furnace; globes of light shot blasting and burning along its track. Then, amid the doubled roar of thunder, rushed forth the chivalry of Heaven; shapes of transcendent beauty, yet with looks of wrath that withered the human eye; armed sons of immortality descending on the wing by millions; mingled with shapes and instruments of ruin, for which the mind has no conception. The circle of the heaven was filled with the chariots and horses of fire. Flight was in vain: the weapons were seen to drop from the Jewish host: their warriors sank upon the splendid field. Still the immortal armies poured on, trampling and blasting, until the last of the routed was consumed.

The angry pomp then paused. Countless wings were spread, and the angelic multitudes, having done the work of vengeance, rushed upward with the sound of ocean in the storm. The roar of trumpets and thunders was heard, until the splendour was lost in the heights of the empyrean.

We felt the terrible warning. Our strength was dried up at the sight; despair seized upon our souls. We had now seen the fate of Jerusalem. No victory over man could save us from the coming of final ruin. Thousands never left the ground on which they stood; they perished by their own hands, or lay down and died of broken hearts. The rest fled through the night, that again wrapped them in tenfold darkness. The whole multitude scattered away, with soundless steps, and in silence, like an army of spectres.—Vol. iii. pp. 74—79.

*A Prophet.*

Whence came the intruder, no one could tell. But there he stood, a figure that fixed the universal eye. He was of lofty stature, brown as an Indian, and thin as one worn to the last extremity by sorrow or famine. Conjecture was busy. He seemed, alternately,—the fugitive from a dungeon,—one of the half-savage recluses that sometimes came from their dens in the wilderness, to exhibit among us the last humiliation of mind and body,—a dealer in forbidden arts, attempting to impose on the rude credulity of the populace,—and a prophet, armed with the fearful knowledge of our approaching fall. But to me there was an expression in his countenance that partook of all: yet I gazed with an indefinable feeling, that there was a something different from all in the glaring eye, the fixed and livid scorn of the lip, and the stern and grand outline of features, that appeared alike overflowing with malignity and majesty.

No man thought of interrupting him. A powerful interest hushed every voice of the multitude; and the only impulse was eagerness to fix the lofty wisdom, or the fatal tidings, that must be deposited with such a being. He himself seemed to be overwhelmed with the magnitude of the thoughts that he was commissioned to disclose. He stood for a while with the look of one oppressed by a fearful dream; his bosom heaving, his teeth gnashing, every muscle of his meagre frame swelling and quivering. He strongly clasped his bony arms across his breast, as if to repress the agitation that impeded his words; then, stamping on the ground, in wrath at the faculties which thus sank under him at the important moment, the tempest of his soul broke forth.

"Judah! thou wert as a lion—thou wert as the king of the forest when he went up to the mountains to slay, and from the mountains came down to devour. Thou wert as the garden of Eden, every precious stone was thy covering; the sardine, the topaz, and the beryl were thy pavements; thy fountains were of silver, and thy daughters that walked in thy groves were as the cherubim and the seraphim.

"Judah! thy temple was glorious as the sun-rising, and thy priests were the wise of the earth. Kings came against thee, and their bones were an offering; the fowls of the air devoured them; the foxes brought their young, and feasted them upon the mighty.

"Judah! thou wert as a fire in the midst of the nations—a fire upon an altar; who shall quench thee?—A sword over the neck of the heathen; who shall say unto thee, Smite no more! Thou wert as the thunder and the lightning: thou camest from thy place, and the earth was dark: the heaven was thine, the earth was at thy feet. Thou didst thunder, and the nations shook; and the fire of thy indignation consumed them."

"The voice in which this extraordinary being uttered those words was like the thunder. The multitude listened with breathless awe. The appeal in the language of their own prophets, was to them a renewal of the times of inspiration; and they awaited with outstretched and quivering countenances the sentence, that their passions interpreted into the will of Heaven.

"The figure lifted up his glance, that had hitherto been fixed on the ground; and, whether it was the work of fancy or reality, I thought that the glance threw an actual beam of fire across the upturned visages of the myriads that filled every spot on which a foot could rest; roof, wall, and ground.

"Bowing his head, and raising his hands in the most solemn adoration towards the Temple, he pursued, in a voice scarcely above a whisper, yet indescribably impressive—

"Sons of the faithful Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob; people chosen of God, elect and holy! Will you suffer that house of holiness to be the scoff of the idolater? Will you see the polluted sacrifice laid upon its altars? Will you be slaves and victims in the presence of the house of David?"

"A rising outcry of the multitude showed how deeply they felt his words. A fierce smile lightened across his features at the sound. He erected his colossal form; and cried out, like the roar of a whirlwind, "Then, men of Judah, be strong, and follow the hand that led you through the sea and through the desert. Is that hand shortened, that it cannot save? Break off this accursed league with the sons of Belial. Fly every man to arms, for the glory of the mighty people. Will the Most High desert his people? Go; and let the sword that smote the Canaanite, smite the Roman."

"He was answered with furious exultation. Swords and pinnards were brandished in the air. The safety of the Roman officers became endangered; and I, with some of the elders, dreading a result which must throw fatal obstacles in the way of pacification, attempted to control the popular violence by reason and entreaty. But the spirit of the Romans, haughty with conquest, and long contempt of rabble prowess, disdained to take precautions with a mob; and they awaited with palpable contempt in their faces the subsiding of this city effervescence. But this silent scorn, which probably stung the deeper for its silence, was retorted by clamours of unequivocal rage; the mysterious disturber saw the storm coming; and flinging a furious gesture towards the Roman camps, which lay glittering in the sun-shine along the hills, he rushed into the loftiest language of malediction.

"Take up a lament for the Roman," he shouted. "He comes like a leviathan; he troubleth the waters with his presence; and the rivers behold him, and are afraid.

"Thus saith the king, he who holdeth Israel in the hollow of his hand: I will spread my net over thee, and my people shall drag thee upon the shore; I will leave thee to rot upon the land; I will fill the beasts of the earth with thee, until they shall come and find thee dry bones and dust, even thy glory turned into a taint and a scorn.

"Lift up a cry over Rome, and say: Thou art the leopard; thy jaws are red with blood, and thy claws are heavy because of the multitude of the slain; thy spots are glorious, and thy feet are like wings for swiftness. But thy time is at hand. My arrow shall smite through thee; my steel shall go through thee: I will lay thy flesh upon the hills, thy blood shall be red in the rivers, the pits shall be full of thee.

"For, thus saith the king, I have not forsaken my children. For my pleasure, I have given them over for a little while to the hands of the oppressor; but they have loved me—they have come before me, and offered up sacrifices; and shall I desert the land of the chosen, the sons of the glorious, my people Israel?" A universal outcry of sorrow, wrath, and triumph, followed this allusion to the national sufferings.

"Ho!" exclaimed the figure. "Men of Israel, hear the words of wisdom. The burden of Rome. By the swords of the mighty will I cause her multitude to fall; the terrible and the strong shall be on thee, city of the idolater; they shall hew off thy cuirasses, as the hewer of wood; and of thy shields, they shall make vessels of water. There shall be fire in thy palaces, and the sword. Thy sons and thy daughters shall they consume; and thy precious things shall be a spoil, when the king shall give the sign from the sanctuary." He paused, and, lifting up his fleshless arm, stood like a giant bronze pointing to the Temple.

"To the utter astonishment of all, a vapour was seen to ascend from the summit of Mount Moriah,

wreathing and white like the smoke that used to mark the Daily Sacrifice. Our first conception was, that this great interrupted rite was resumed; and the shout of joy was on our lips. But the vapour had scarcely parted from the crown of the hill, when it blackened, and began to whirl with extraordinary rapidity; it thenceforth less ascended than shot up, perpetually darkening and distending. The horizon grew dim, the cloudy canopy above continued to spread and revolve; lightning began to quiver through; and we heard, at intervals, long low peals of thunder. But no rain fell, and the wind was lifeless. Nothing could be more complete than the calm; not a hair of our heads was moved; yet the heart of the countless multitude was penetrated with the dread of some impending catastrophe, that restrained every voice; and the silence itself was awful.

"In the climate of Judea we had been accustomed to the rapid rise and violent devastations of tempests. But the rising of this storm, so closely connected with the appearance of the strange summoner, that it almost followed his command, invested a phenomenon, at all times fearful, with a character that might have struck firmer minds than those of the enthusiasts round him. To heighten the wonder, the progress of the storm was still faithful to the command. Wherever this man of mystery waved his arm, there rushed a sheet of cloud. The bluest tract of heaven was black as night the moment he turned his ominous presence towards it, until there was no more sky to be obliterated, and, but for the fiery streaks that tore through, we should have stood under a canopy of solid gloom.

"At length the whirlwind that we had seen driving and rolling the clouds, like billows, burst upon us; roaring as it came; scattering fragments of the buildings far and wide, and cutting a broad way through the overthrown multitude. Then superstition and terror were loud-mouthed. The populace, crushed and dashed down, exclaimed that a volcano was throwing up flame from the mount of the Temple; that sulphurous smokes were rising through the crevices of the ground; that the rocking of an earthquake was felt; and, still more terrible, that beings not to be looked on, nor even to be named, were hovering round them in the storm.

"The general rush of the multitude, in which hundreds were trampled down, and in which nothing but the most violent efforts could keep any on their feet, bore me away for a while. The struggle was sufficient to absorb all my senses, for nothing could be more perilous. The darkness was intense. The peals of the storm were deafening; and the howlings and fury of the crowd, trampling and being trampled on, and fighting for life in blindness and despair, with hand, foot, and dagger, made an uproar louder than that of the storm. In this conflict rather of demons than of men, I was whirled away in eddy after eddy, until chance brought me again to the foot of the elevation.

"There I beheld a new wonder. A column of livid fire stood upon it, reaching to the clouds. I could discern the outline of a human form within. But, while I expected to see it drop dead, or blasted to a cinder, the flame spread over the ground, and I saw its strange inhabitant making signs like those of incantation. He drew a circle upon the burning soil, poured out some unguent, which diffused a powerful and rich odour, rased the skin of his arm with a dagger, and let fall some drops of blood into the blaze.

"I shuddered at the sight of those palpable appeals to the power of evil; but I was pressed upon by thousands, and retreat was impossible. The magician then, with a ghastly smile of triumph, waved the weapon towards the Roman camps. "Behold," he cried, "the beginnings of vengeance!" A thunder-roll, that almost split the ear, echoed round the hills. The darkness passed away with it. Above Jerusalem the sky cleared, and cleared into a translucence and blue splendour, unrivalled by the brightest sun-shine. The people, wrought up to the highest expectancy, shouted at this promise of a prouder deliverance, and, exclaiming, "Goshen! Goshen!" looked breathlessly for the completion of the plague upon the more than Egyptian oppressor. They were not held long in suspense.

"The storm had cleared away from above our heads, only to gather in deeper terrors round the circle of the hills, on which we could see the enemy in the most overwhelming state of uncertainty and alarm. The clouds rushed on, ridge over ridge, till the whole horizon seemed shut in by a wall of night towering to the skies. I heard the deep voice of the magician; at the utterance of some wild words, a gleam played round the dagger's point, and the wall of darkness was instantly a wall of fire. The storm was let loose in its rage. While we stood in day-light, and in perfect

calm, the lightning poured like sheets of rain, or gushes of burning metal from a furnace, upon the enemy. The vast circuit of the camps was one blaze. The wind tore every thing before it with irresistible violence. We saw the tents swept off the ground, and driven far over the hills in flames, like meteors; the piles of arms and banners blown away; the soldiery clinging to the rocks, or flying together in helpless crowds, or scattering, like maniacs, with hair and garments on fire; the baggage and military machines, the turrets and ramparts sinking in flames; the beasts of burthen plunging and rushing through the lines, or lying in smouldering heaps where the lightning first smote them."—Vol. iii, pp. 114-126.

#### REFORM OF THE LAW.

*A History of the Court of Chancery; with Practical Remarks on the Recent Commission, Report, and Evidence, and on the means of improving the Administration of Justice in the English Courts of Equity.* By JOSEPH PARKES, Solicitor, Birmingham. 8vo. pp. 616. Longman and Co. London, 1828.

"THE reign of George the Third," says Mr. Parkes, "may be truly denominated the age of war." That of George the Fourth bids fair to become one of legislation. A greater than either had shown, that the most ambitious pursuit of conquest was not incompatible with the most scientific arrangement of the art of governing. It must be confessed, however, that Napoleon Buonaparte, who will be remembered with gratitude as a legislator, when he has ceased to be execrated as a conqueror, had the advantage over his contemporary Sovereigns: the Revolution had swept away the refuse of the ancient law; the curiously-preserved ruins of feudal architecture had been thrown down by the political earthquake; the stagnation of judicial corruption had been scattered by the political whirlwind. He had a clear stage, and little or no prejudice to encounter; his task was to restrain, rather than to excite, reform.

Very different was the state of Great Britain. Her rulers, feeling, or pretending to feel, alarm, at the progress of innovation, wilfully confounding the excesses of an exasperated people, newly emanated from the most hateful slavery, with the essence of revolution, determined, as far as lay in their limited power, to retard the progress of public opinion, and to prolong, for their own day, at least, the darkness of legislative superstitions. We know how well they succeeded; the aristocracy, trembling for their privileges, the priesthood clinging to their tithes, the lawyers to their emoluments, each aided in his vocation the efforts of the gagging ministry—each maintained that the law was perfect—each denounced doubt of its perfection as heresy—each resolved to treat any attempt at reform as rebellion; a splendid minority, indeed, in each class, rescued their body from universal disgrace. The Duke of Norfolk, Charles Fox, and Mr. Grey, proved that a few men of birth could be disinterested; the Bishops Watson, Bathurst, and King, were examples that every ecclesiastic is not a court sycophant; Erskine and Romilly were lawyers, and yet philanthropists. But for these, and a few more of less note, how many even of those who saw the light, closed their eyes upon it, and voluntarily sought the security of darkness.—Honour and persecution was on one hand, subservency and promotion on the other: shall we wonder that so many deserted, or that any stood, their ground? Happily for mankind, a small but energetic party did persevere, in spite of temptation, in spite of calumny, in spite of persecution; and now they see legions flocking to their banner;—they see their ancient enemy endeavouring to counterfeit their standard, and to possess themselves, by fraud, of that vantage ground for commanding public opinion which they once affected to despise, but now find the only permanently tenable post for the government of the country.

Two parties now appear, equally anxious for the reformation of the law—the old reformers,



with a host of volunteers, under Mr. Brougham, and a new legion, headed by Mr. Peel, who falsely claim the honour of having first raised the legislative standard of innovation. If both were equally sincere, we should have little to apprehend from the feeble band of veterans who yet rally upon the ancient ways, even though we should find in their ranks some few deserters from a better cause, and, among the number, that leader on whose talents and integrity we had once relied as a mainstay of our cause. But we have too much reason to distrust the faith of the new converts. As long as proposed amendment touch no man's purse who is in place, no man's privilege who is in office, no man's patronage who is in power, we may calculate upon a cautious and almost reluctant co-operation; but when we come to the root of the evil, the extortions, the bribery, the peculations which affect the pockets of the office-bearers—to the delays which minister to the indolence of the functionaries—to the ignorance and incapacity of favoured placemen—to the sinecures of a pensioned aristocracy—there we shall find ourselves deserted by our allies, if not opposed by them as enemies.

We must not, therefore, consider the work of reform secure, because a Secretary of State has volunteered his assistance; we know enough *now* of him, and of the men he leads, to be well assured, that if the current of public opinion should slacken, the Tories would again become the advocates of existing abuses, the obstinate opponents of every change.

It is for this reason that we hail with peculiar pleasure every work which keeps the attention of the public alive to the present state of the law. By long and laborious efforts an interest has been excited on this subject. We must beware that it is not suffered to flag for want of stimulus; it is exceedingly difficult, however, to keep the minds of men alert on a subject which, though to the highest degree interesting to them in its end, is not intelligible in its details. The mass of the people must generally be content to see the result; they cannot comprehend the machinery by which it is produced. Still those who, from time to time, show them the great moving powers of the engine, point out their uses, their defects, or their decay, detect their rust or their rottenness, or discover the *dead weights* which impede the due action of the machinery, are the most valuable benefactors of the state.

Mr. Parkes has, we believe, been for some considerable time a labourer in this vocation; he now comes before us as the historian of the Court of Chancery, to give us an account of the origin, additions, and alterations, (would that we could add the improvements) of that monstrous engine.

If, to recover the truth, it be most expedient to trace the progress of error, and so start with a new reckoning, this History is most important. It investigates the origin, it tracks the increase, it demonstrates the magnitude of evil under which the country labours, for its existing equitable jurisdiction. To have done this, and to have done this well, was no trifling task; and, if our author had done no more, he would have been entitled to the highest praise. We have to commend, the honesty which exposes abuses without respect to party or persons; the industry, which, in the exercise of a profession allowing little leisure, has collected a vast store of recondite learning; the talent, which has combined such a mass in a form at once interesting and intelligible to the general reader. Having bestowed this much of approbation, we mean no detraction when we occasionally differ on some conclusions, and, in one or two instances, question the accuracy of the information, or the correctness of the reasoning, on which such conclusions are founded. We do not, for instance, concur in the bias which this author evidently entertains against the separate existence of Courts of Equity. We must not confound the use and abuse of things. The expense and delay of the Court of Chancery, and the inefficiency of

the Court of Exchequer, cannot, for a moment, be denied; but we are not, therefore, to jump at the conclusion, that the jurisdiction of these tribunals is not necessary to the complicated state of the business and legal interests of the country. For unless we could frame laws which should meet all possible transactions between man and man, in respect of property, one of two things must be done; either great latitude of construction, and sometimes a dispensing or enacting power, must be left to the ordinary Judges, or else a separate jurisdiction must have the power to modify the law by rules of equity. Against the first mode, there is this obvious objection; that when it was left uncertain, whether the decision of the Judge was founded on the strict law, or on an equitable interpretation, none would know on what basis the judgment was founded, or by what rule to guide themselves; add to this, the great and dangerous power which this vagueness would give to the Bench, and prudent men will resolve, that it is best to keep the ordinary tribunals as nearly as possible to the strict letter of positive enactment. We too well know the use which the Judges, generally for political purposes, have made of the common law, (*lex non scripta*), whenever the Statutes have not served their turn; how much more, then, should we be in danger, if we gave them the further latitude of equitable interpretation. A separate tribunal is not liable to this objection; men know its principles, and may ascertain the extent of its jurisdiction; that is, if its practice be as narrowly watched as it ought to be. Our Court of Chancery, as will be shown, has grown to its present power, in times when men less understood the science of jurisprudence than they now do, much less than they soon will do; its encroachments were established by despotic Kings against a people who had only one *nominal* organ of remonstrance. But should the jurisdiction of this Court ever be again reduced within reasonable bounds, future Chancellors will find the business of usurpation infinitely more difficult, if not impossible. Though every effort will be made, and, in fact, is making, to put off the evil day, this reform must come, and at no distant period. When it is accomplished, we, or our posterity, shall best be able to appreciate the debt due to those who have boldly stood forward to strike the first blows at the corruptions of the system.

On this question of the separate existence of equitable jurisdictions, we may look, with profit, to the other side of the Atlantic. We left our laws as a legacy to the United States, and they long retained them with something like the superstitious veneration with which we, till lately, worshipped them; but juridical scepticism, if not of earlier growth there, met with a more congenial soil and climate; and, for some time, the American Legislature have been actively engaged in adapting their ancient institutes to modern exigence. 'The consideration of the state and expediency of this' (the equitable) 'jurisdiction, has lately undergone a solemn and ingenious debate in the conventional legislation of New York; the discussion and resolves of which are highly important, and might be made assistant to the legislative measures now before Parliament, in the Bill introduced by the Master of the Rolls, (Lord Lyndhurst) for the amendment of our own Court of Chancery. It became a serious and grave inquiry, whether that state should transfer or abolish the equity jurisdiction. Such is the bold and statesman-like conduct of these republican legislators: they submit the evils of *their* judicial system to a real *bona fide* investigation; and pleading the sanction of age, will not bar inquiry, or sanction abuse. Mr. Kent, the ex-Chancellor of the State, the most learned and upright of American Judges, took a prominent part in the inquiry. He argued successfully against the abolition, and urged the Convention to establish, and not to destroy; at the same time, honestly exposing the defects and abuses of the Jurisdiction. In that

discussion it is averred, that those States which have not a separate Court of Chancery, feel the want of one, and that, where the equity and common law jurisdictions had been blended, great evils existed. Delaware tried both systems; and, in 1799, had divided the Chancery powers into a distinct and separate branch: and the question had been decided in favour of that course, in South Carolina, after long and deliberate discussion.'—Jurist, No. 1., p. 32.

We must now hasten to give our readers some idea of the information to be derived from the historical part of Mr. Parkes's work, which we shall do as concisely as the nature and importance of the subject will permit:

'The Chancery, in the time of William II. was a college of clerks,' (*graphiarii, scil. qui conscribendis et excipiendis judicium acta dant operam*) 'instituted to form and enrol the King's writs, patents, and commissions: it was managed by the Keeper of the Seal, and was anciently held in the Exchequer, where the great seal was commonly kept, and the writs generally sealed. The Chancellor was then, in precedence, only the sixth officer in the King's court; he was almost always an ecclesiastic, and one of the King's chief counsellors.' We cannot, indeed, trace the period when he was first denominated the Keeper of the King's conscience, as well as of his seal; but as he was a priest, and the other great officers, the Constable, Mareschal, Steward, and Chamberlain, were, for the most part, soldiers, it is not wonderful that his spiritual influence and professional habits of intrigue, soon enabled him to supersede these functionaries in political power; he had then only to contend with the Chief Justice, whom he very shortly overcame. This was the more easily done, as the Justiciar assumed, or, as more courtly writers would say, arrogated supreme legal power; sometimes interfering with, and sometimes rivalling, the royal prerogative. The Norman Kings were not of a metal to bear this opposition of the law; and therefore, no doubt, gladly seized upon the opportunity which the revived study of the *civil* law, by the clergy, afforded them of surreptitiously setting up the more flexible ecclesiastic against the more sturdy common lawyer. 'The clergy henceforward filled all the offices of justice.' It appears that numbers of them came over for that express purpose. In the reign of William Rufus, Malmesbury says, there was, "*nullus Clericus nisi causidicus*," no clerk who was not a pleader; and by transacting all law proceedings in the Norman language, they monopolized the keys of the lock of justice.

But the Barons were not to be so tricked out of their favourite system of Common Law; a severe contest ensued between the clergy and the nobility. The clergy were ultimately defeated, and with the tact peculiar to their cloth, when they found the field no longer tenable, affected a virtue in retiring from it. The bishops forbade Ecclesiastics to appear as advocates *in foro seculari*; but their consciences did not forbid their sitting as judges. We had still clerical Chancellors, who made the civil law the basis of equitable jurisdiction, as it remains even unto this day. Mr. Parkes declines giving us a list of these ecclesiastical judges, or a detail of their official and political biography. This we regret, for if, as he says, the greater number may be fairly judged by the character of one, the recital would have afforded a useful lesson to those who, even in this day, affect to believe, that the sanctity of the spiritual character is not affected by mixture with temporal jurisdictions. The example cited is, of 'Robert Bluot, Bishop of Lincoln, a wholesale dealer in Church Preferment, and who died in prison for his misdeeds, (where many more ought to have expired,) of whom Coke dryly observes, that he lived without love, and died without pity, save of those who thought it pity he lived so long.'

Nor was the nomination of priestly Chancellors the only evil:

'The Norman Kings, who were ingenious adepts in realising profit on every opportunity, commenced the sale of Judicial Offices. The Plantagenets followed their example. In Madox, chap. ii., and in the Cottoni Posthuma, may be found innumerable instances of the purchase of the Chancellorship, and accurate details of the amount of the consideration monies. The example of a King is said to be a warrant to his subjects. What was bought must, of course, be sold; and justice became henceforth a marketable commodity, and the sale of it a staple trade. Madox truly describes the sale of judicial redress as the worst abuse under the Anglo-Norman Government. The Courts of Law became a huckster's shop: every sort of produce, in the absence of money, was bartered for "justice." "The King, we are often told, is the fountain of justice; but in those ages, it was one which gold alone could unseal—men fined to have right done them; to sue in a certain court; to implead a certain person; to have restitution of land which they had recovered at law!"' p. 23.

Thus, the Court of Chancery arose out of the contests between the King and the Barons, the Clergy and the Laity; the nobility, on the one hand, attached to the ancient county and baronial Courts, founded by the common and feudal law; the King, on the other hand, seeking to cripple these jurisdictions by the interposition of prerogative, and the *aula regis*, ably supported by the willing tools of power—an ambitious priesthood. Every encouragement was given to petitions against the ordinary course of the common law; these Bills or Petitions were referred to the Chancellor, and by him adjudged, as we have the *verbiage* to this day, 'according to equity and good conscience.'

But the Chancellors did not confine themselves strictly to matters of mere equitable jurisdiction. Mr. Parkes cites a proclamation of 22d Ed. III., in which the common-law business is directed to be brought before the Archbishop of Canterbury elect—our Chancellor;—and, in 'The Records of early Proceedings in Chancery,' recently published, and of which the reader will find some curious extracts in the last number of 'The Jurist,' will be found bills in Chancery for robbery, assault, trespass, witchcraft, heresy, the regulation of candle-wicks, prizes, breach of promise of marriage, and even rape,—so miscellaneous was the jurisdiction.

Against these incroachments the Commons constantly complained, and were almost as constantly repulsed by the right royal answers:—

'The King will appoint such officers as best like him.

'As heretofore, the same shall be.

'Let it be according to the discretion of the Chancellor, as it hath been.

'The King will preserve his royalty, as his progenitors have done before him.

'The King wills that the Chancellor, for the time being, shall have power to ordain and award damages, according to his discretion.

'In the 3d Hen. V., A. D. 1415, we learn that John of Waltham was the inventor of the writ of subpoena, from a petition which protests against the process. As a remedy, the Commons pray, that the cause of action should be always stated in the writ, and the process enrolled and made patent in the court when issued; and that the party vexatiously suing out such process, in any question determinable at common law, should be liable to an action of debt for forty pounds.'

The royal answer was, in the civil terms, used even to this day,—'The King will advise.'

The ministers of those times had, no doubt, discovered the convenience of the doctrine held by their successors, even in this generation, that *stare super vias antiquas* was sound policy, except when they had occasion to make new roads, to their own particular ends; for we have seen, that, in the midst of the most startling innovations, men are still to be found who maintain the wisdom of their ancestors; and we now see, that, *tempore Henrico Quinto*, it was usual for functionaries, in one breath, to invade the rights of the people, and answer their remonstrances by—'Let it be as it hath been;—'meaning, 'The usurpation is established—grumble, if you dare!'

From this period till the time of Henry the Eighth, of pious memory, nothing very material is recorded, except that Henry the Seventh, two of whose principal councillors were most dully hanged for their extortions, 'used to busy governing England by his laws, and his laws by his lawyers, a chicanery not confined to the King's of the fifteenth century.'

The Chancellorship of Cardinal Wolsey was, like all other offices of that great man, marked by a determined character; we cannot pause to inquire whether it was or was not obnoxious to the charge of extortion alleged by Mr. Parkes; but we must confess, that the articles quoted in support of it, do not bear out the allegation. It was the fate of this extraordinary churchman to be much vilified in his own immediate day from aristocratic jealousy; in succeeding times, from the rancour of religious hatred.

We at last come to a single bright spot in this dark history of ancient abuses:

'On the deposition of Wolsey, A. D. 1529, Henry VIII. appointed Sir Thomas More, "that with that bayte," as Cardinal Pole says, "he might the more easily be brought to the bente of the King's bowe." But the probity of this celebrated lawyer was invincible.

'Now at his coming into office, he found the Court of Chancery pestered and clogged with manie and tedious causes, some having hung there almost twentie yeares. Wherefore to prevent the like, which was a great miserie for poore suitors, first he caused Mr. Crooke, chiefe of the Six Clarkes, to make a docket containing the whole number of all injunctions, as either in his time had already passed, or at that time depended in anie of the King's Courts at Westminster. Then bidding all the Judges to dinner, he in the presence of them all, shewed sufficient reason why he had made so manie Injunctions, that they all confessed that they themselves in the like case would have donne no lesse. Then he promised them besides, that if they themselves, to whome the reformation of the rigour of the law appertained would, vpon reasonable considerations, in their owne discretion (as he thought in conscience they were bound,) mitigate and reforme the rigour of the lawe, there should then from him no injunctions be granted; to which when they refused to condescende, then, sayde he, for as much as yourselves, my Lords, drue me to this necessitie, you cannot hereafter blame me if I seeke to relieue the poore people's iniuries. After this he sayd to his sonne Rooper secretly, I perceue, sonne, why they like not this; for they thinke that they may by a verdict of a iurie cast of all scruple from themselves vpon the poore iurie, which they account their chiefe defence. Wherefore I am constrained to abide the aduenture of their blame.

'He took great paines to heare causes at home, as is sayd, arbitrating matters for both the parties good; and lastly, he took order with all the attorneys of his Courte, that there should no *sub penas* goe out, whereof in general he should not have notice of the matter, with one of their hands vnto the Bill; and if it did beare a sufficient cause of complaint, then would he set his hand to it, to haue it goe forward; if not, he would vtterly quash it, and denye a *sub pena*.' pp. 64, 65.

'He invariably refused and returned the numerous presents and "new-year's gifts" by which the suitors sought to influence his judgments. It is recorded, that being presented by "one Mrs. Goaker" with a pair of gloves, and forty pounds of angels put into them, he said to her, "Mistress, since it were against good manners to refuse your new-year's gift, I am content to take your gloves, but as for the *linging* I utterly refuse it."

'Some days in term, such was his dispatch of business, that no cause was heard or motion made. And there cannot be a greater contrast than in the character of this great man, the first *lay-chancellor*, compared with that of his predecessors, than is expressed in the head of the 7th chapter in his biography, noting among "his especial and remarkable virtues in midst of his honours, incredible poverty in so eminent a personage." p. 66.

'The succeeding Chancellors in this reign were more supple courtiers, and, therefore, better adapted to their situation and calling. No particular circumstances occurred during the two subsequent reigns of Edward VI. and Mary, worthy of narration.'

Queen Elizabeth always serving herself first, took especial care to fill all the more important offices of the state with able ministers. Sir Ni-

colas Bacon, father of the yet more celebrated Chancellor and philosopher, (how seldom those titles can be united,) held her great seal for a space of eighteen years, and died in 1579, leaving behind him a well established character for equity and integrity. Of Bromley, his successor, we have no particular notice; but who can forget the dancing Chancellor! Sir Christopher Hatton, vice-chamberlain to the Queen, whom Spencer commended, and of whom Camden writes, '*Spendissime omnium tamen quos vidimas ac geat, et quod ex juris scientia definit ex aequitate supplicii studuit.*' It is true, that he is said to have had a prompter; the same thing has been alleged of more modern judges; it is well that ignorance is not always coupled with presumption!

Passing over Sir John Pickering, we next come to Sir Thomas Egerton, of whom Mr. Parkes relates, 'that the Queen happening to be in Court, while Mr. Egerton was pleading in a cause against the crown, her Majesty (?) exclaimed, "in my troth, he shall never plead against me again." He was very speedily appointed Queen's Counsel and Solicitor-General. An anecdote, somewhat similar, was circulated, not many years since, of a certain modern Attorney-general, thus selected by Government, in consequence of ability displayed in defence of parties arraigned for high treason. Our author might have added the curious fact, that a certain other Attorney-general volunteered his services to the accused on the same occasion, in resentment at having been passed over in a recent promotion; it is singular, also, that the last mentioned gentleman was the only Attorney-general for many years, who had been taken from the steady adherents of ministers; all the rest had been *rats*, and he seems to have thought it requisite to demonstrate, that he possessed the versatile faculty.

In the succeeding reign of James II., Lord Bacon broached his well-known plans of Legal Reform; but though the royal pedant at first entertained the project, he had neither strength nor honesty to carry it into effect. If he had kept his word, it would, probably, have been *secundum artem*; for this equitable Ruler was wont to say, that, so long as he had the making of Judges and Bishops, that should be both law and gospel which but pleased him.

It was in the chancellorship of Egerton, then Lord Ellesmere, that the celebrated dispute arose between Sir Edward Coke and the Chancellor, on the subject of equitable jurisdiction; and though we think the Keeper of the Great Seal had the advantage over the great luminary of the common law, both in argument and practical result, yet the annoyance is said to have hastened the end of Lord Ellesmere; upon whose death, Bacon, by a course of humiliating supplications to the King and favourite, from which the most prodigate of modern lawyers would recoil with disgust, obtained the seal. Happy had it been for the honour of mankind, if the end had not been worthy of the means; this otherwise great man was as corrupt in office, as mean in suing for it. From his own mouth we must convict him.

'Lord Bacon, in his abstract reflections, writes, "If any one sue to be made a judge, for my own part I should suspect him." When his predecessor was dying, he assumed the character of an entreating courtier praying for the Chancellorship: in the office we see him corrupt! No. 103, in his collection of Apophthegms, is singularly applicable to his *practical* character, and to that of many modern lawyers—"103. When his Lordship was newly advanced to the great seal, Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, came to visit him. My Lord said, that he was to thank God and the King for that honour; but yet, so he might be rid of the burthen, he could very willingly forbeare the honour: and that he formerly had a desire, and the same continued with him still, to lead a *private* life. Gondomar answered, That he would tell him a tale of an old rat, that would needs leave the world, and acquainted the young rats that he would retire into his hole, and spend his days solitarily,—and would enjoy no more comfort, and commanded them, upon his high displeasure, not to



offer to come in unto him. They forbore two or three days; at last, one that was more hardy than the rest incited some of his fellows to go in with him, and he would venture to see how his father did; for he might be dead: they went in, and found the old RAT sitting in the midst of a rich Parmesan cheese!" So Gondomar applied the fable after his witty manner.—Pp. 84, 85.

We wish that we could excuse the philosopher upon the plea, that he only conformed to the manners of his times. God knows, they were bad enough; but he, whose mind so far outran the age in which he lived, ought not to have been subject alone to its corruptions. We quit this unpleasant theme with a useful quotation for the consideration of our contemporary lawyers and judges.

'In Mallet's meagre life of Bacon, where Johnson says that the Biographer forgot that his hero was a philosopher, one applicable reflection may be quoted—"The offices of Attorney and Solicitor-General have been rocks upon which many aspiring lawyers have made shipwreck of their virtue and human nature. Some of these gentlemen have acted at the bar, as if they thought themselves, by the duty of their places, absolved from all the obligations of truth, honour, and decency. But their names are upon record, and will be transmitted to after-ages with those characters of reproach and abhorrence that are due to the worst sort of murderers; those that murder under the sanction of justice." Men, who before they attained office were the active friends of legal reform, afterwards are the panygrists of corruption and the calumniators of their former political connections.'—P. 91.

When the Great Seal was brought to James, from Bacon, his Majesty is reported to have exclaimed—"Now, by my soule, I am pained at the heart where to bestow this; for, as to my lawyers, I thinke they be all knaves!"—so he gave it to a priest!!!!

On the fall of Bacon, the Duke of Buckingham employed Dean Williams to value (!!!) the place; and, on his Majesty's perusing the valuation, he was sensibly impressed with the fitness of Williams for the situation, and he was made Lord Keeper accordingly. From such a beginning, we need scarcely add, that he was worthy of his ecclesiastical predecessors, and left us no reason to regret that he was the last clerical Chancellor.

'In Bacon's place comes Williams, a man on purpose brought in at first to serve turnes, but in this place to doe that which none of the laity could bee found bad enough to undertake; whereupon this observation was made, that, first, no lay-man could bee found so dishonest as a clergy-man; next, as Bacon, the father of this Bacon, did receive the seals from a Bishop, so a Bishop againe received them from a Bacon; and at this did the Lawyers fret, to have such a flower pulled out of their garland.—This Williams, though he wanted much of his Predecessor's abilities for the Law; yet did he equal him for learning and pride, and beyond him in the waie of bribery, this man answering by petitions, a new way, in which his servants had one part, himselfe another, and so was calculated to be worth to him and his servants 3000*l.* *per annum*, a new way never found out before.'—P. 95.

Charles II.—'In this reign, the sins of the fathers were visited on the children.'

Archbishop Williams, having jilted the mother of the Duke of Buckingham, was removed, and his place bestowed upon Lord Coventry, several of whose orders, still extant, show that he had ability to reform his Court; but the times were not favourable to such an enterprise.

'In 1639, Sir John Finch, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, was made Lord Keeper. This infamous Judge was, doubtless, thus rewarded for his former services of drawing and propounding to the other Judges the question of Ship-money, and for having obtained their answer favourable to the Crown, "after many solicitations, with promises of preferment to some, and high threats against others he found hesitating and doubtful." Such an important service, together with his iniquitous conduct on his circuits, and his corrupt judgments in the Common Pleas, gave him an indefeasible right, in those days, to the seals.'

This court-sycophant fled to Holland, to avoid an impeachment, and it is singular, that little is

known of his subsequent life, or place of death. We may conclude that he was not living at the time of the Restoration, or so useful a tool would not have been overlooked by the second Charles.

Sir Edward Littleton, who deserted the banner of liberty, in the hope of preserving his office, was the next and last\* Lord Keeper of this reign; for, on his joining the King, with the seal, at York, the Parliament voted that if he did not return with it in fourteen days, he should lose his office, and all process subsequently sealed with the Royal seal should be void. A new seal was then made, the old one, subsequently taken at Naseby, was broken, and some temporary measures were adopted, as to the equitable jurisdiction. 'The capital punishment of the unfortunate sovereign, and the abolition of monarchy, terminated the tragical contention between the King and the Parliament.

We shall return to this subject shortly.

#### TRAVELS IN RUSSIA.

*Travels in Russia, &c. &c. By William Rae Wilson, Esq., F.S.A.; Author of Travels in Egypt, the Holy Land, Greece, &c.; and of Travels in Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. Illustrated by Engravings. 2 vols. 8vo. Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green. London, 1828.*

It is not a little curious to observe the different manner in which men of various temperaments view a foreign country. There is nothing, however, more inexplicable to us, than the preposterous union of an ardent love of change and excitement, and a bold and self-denying resolution, with a paltry vanity and coxcombical passion for appearing as the author of a book of travels. Men, however, leave home for very opposite purposes; and, while some are willing to bear every fatigue and hardship to advance science or procure wealth, there are, doubtless, as many others who are equally ready to waste their lives in wandering for the sake of a quixotic renown, or to gather information enough to fill a respectable-looking volume. Some are more fortunate than others, in being able to travel farther and stay longer; but, from the little pert passenger in a Calais steam-boat, who notes down the conversation of his companions to help out his 'Journey from London to Paris,' to the happier and prouder man of leisure, who can visit Italy and the Isles of Greece for a similar purpose, it is one and the same passion that fills their minds, and makes them determine on braving the dangers of sea and land, to effect their object. The truest sign of a man's being instigated to travel by this desire, and nothing else, is his publishing his tour, as soon as possible after his return, and its being filled, either with the details of a geographical grammar, or the little flimsy road-talk which amused him and his companions.

Now, we have a very high respect for travellers in general; and it therefore grieves us greatly, when we see any one of the fraternity appearing before the public without the proper credentials of sound reflection, or enough of originality in his intellectual constitution to bring something additional to the stock of our previous knowledge. We have of late been obliged, more than once, to express ourselves thus on this point; and we are afraid Mr. Wilson's work has not much softened our asperity against modern tourists. He has collected, with vast industry, whatever was to be collected from guides, postmasters, and friends in office, and we thank him for his pains where his information is new; but he has travelled as if he were one of those above-mentioned gentlemen himself, and has filled his book with such details as they might be supposed to collect on their route. To do Mr. Wilson justice, however, he evidently lost no time while on his journey, and, for readers taking pleasure in such nar-

\* Sir Richard Lane held the seal of the King, but as a mere sinecure.

atives, his publication will undoubtedly afford considerable amusement. We take our first extract from his description of Tzarskoe Selo, which is really very lively and amusing.

'Having gratified ourselves with inspecting all the beauties of this delicious retreat, we proceeded to Tzarskoe Selo, which was originally erected by Peter the Great, who presented it to his consort, but was rebuilt by Elisabeth, in 1744; was again improved and extended by Catherine II., and is now the summer residence of the imperial family. Every thing is here on a scale of extraordinary magnificence, and worthy the residence of a monarch. At one extremity, there is a noble lake, flanked by a majestic terrace of massive polished granite; and over the canal communicating with that fine piece of water are three bridges of the same material. The banks of the lake are farther ornamented with three Gothic buildings, forming what is denominated the Admiralty; they being destined to serve as a shelter in winter to the elegant yachts, and other pleasure-vessels, that in fine weather are seen gliding over the glassy waters, reflecting their gilded sides and gay banners. On one part of this lake is a vast hall, built by the Empress Elisabeth, for concerts; but the noblest architectural ornament is the superb rostral column, erected to commemorate Orlov's victory over the Turkish fleet at Chesme. On three sides of the granite pedestal are bas-reliefs, and on the fourth an inscription, recording that memorable action. What adds considerably, also, to the beauty of this scene, is the number of swans, ducks, and other aquatic birds, that are to be seen on the lake and its banks. It would require some space to describe all the various objects that embellish this abode of royalty; the Gothic ruins; the Turkish kiosk, copied from one in the garden of the seraglio at Constantinople; the various Chinese and other pavilions; the magnificent triumphal arch, erected in honour of Count Gregory Orlov; another of more recent date, to commemorate the achievements of the late war; the new terrace, &c. Let it suffice, therefore, to observe, that it is difficult to determine whether our admiration is most excited by the splendours of art, or by the beauties of nature, which here exhibits a luxuriance that one would imagine absolutely impossible at the 60° of northern latitude. The palace itself, both for its extent and imposing appearance, may be considered as one of the noblest royal residences in Europe, although it has now lost much of its pristine magnificence; the roof, which was at first gilded, having been painted of a light green colour.

'The principal rooms form an enfilade, and the panels of their doors are richly gilded. Notwithstanding, however, all the elegance displayed in other respects, they are poorly furnished, with the exception of those occupied by the reigning Empress, which are at one extremity of the palace. In her study were a number of books, in the French and English language. One of these was open, and we found it to be Captain Parry's Voyage, which she appeared to have been just looking over. Adjoining to these are the apartments of the Emperor. One room in this palace is entirely of amber; which was a present of Frederick I. of Prussia to Elisabeth; and the doors are inlaid with mosaic. In a spacious and lofty hall are portraits of Catherine II., and Anne, daughter of Peter. The grand banquetting-room, or gallery, is 168 feet in length, by 91 in breadth, with 52 windows on each side, and contains specimens of antique china and large jars, piled from the floor to the ceiling. The floors are uncommonly fine, some of them being inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and others formed of porcelain of different colours. One room is fitted up in the Chinese style, with curious images, pagodas, &c. In this suit is the bed-room of Catherine II., where are columns of blue glass, so constructed as to appear to support the ceiling. From the windows is a beautiful view of the gardens and lake; and adjoining to it is a gallery, decorated with flowers and bronze busts of the Roman emperors. On a flight of steps are enormous colossal figures of Hercules, &c. The adjacent village of Tzarskoe Selo contains 5000 inhabitants; and French restaurateurs are established here.

'Turning into the great road, we prosecuted our journey. The post-boy, who wore long gloves, like those of men in armour, reaching nearly to his elbows, with a smart broad hat, ornamented with artificial flowers, was one of the merriest we had met with in this country; for he sang loudly during the whole stage, and appeared to depend more on his musical powers than on his whip, whenever he wished his horses to proceed at a quicker rate. We travelled all night, passing through Chondora, and villages where

the houses were built of wood, and without chimneys, so that the smoke was forced to escape at the door. In consequence of the wood being laid level with the ground, these habitations must be damp, and, consequently, injurious to the health of the inmates; and many of them, from the want of a solid foundation, incline on one side. In North America, a mode has been adopted in building to prevent humidity from the ground, which merits publicity.—When the foundation is raised two feet above the ground, a layer of sheet lead, of the same breadth, is placed upon it, and the walls are then continued on the lead, by which means the whole is secured from damp.

At Podberos, a curious scene, by no means uncommon at the post-houses, although apt, at first, to excite alarm in a traveller, took place. On the appearance of our equipage, a crowd of boors, that were lying about near the door, set up a loud yell, contending among themselves who should furnish horses for the next stage. On such occasions lots are cast, by tossing up fruit, copecs, stones, or any thing else, in a hat, and the traveller must abide by their decision, as it is in vain for him to interpose, or express any will of his own. A sketch of this extraordinary scene, taken on the spot, is given in the engraving in front of this volume. At the post-houses slices of raw turnip are handed about, with a spirituous liquor, as a whet before dinner, a practice that is also particularly observed in Sweden. We left this with small lean horses, and passed a military colony, respecting which an anecdote is related, with regard to a visit made to the place by the Emperor Alexander, for the purpose of inquiring into the condition of the soldiers. His Majesty, having entered into a kitchen, observed a goose roasting, and on visiting a second saw a similar feast preparing; in short, in every kitchen he slipped into, he invariably beheld a goose upon the spit, and returned perfectly satisfied that the colonists had plenty of excellent cheer. It was, however, afterwards discovered, that he had been imposed upon; for, after all, there was only a single goose, which had been very dexterously conveyed from one kitchen to another, so as to be turning at the fire whenever he entered. This was a contrivance on the part of the governor, to impress his Majesty with a favourable idea of the flourishing state of the colony.—Vol. II. pp. 3-8.

After having given this anecdote of the autocrat of the Russias, we cannot, perhaps, do better than follow Mr. Wilson with a very long step from Podberos to Telget, where we find him as fortunate in the discovery of anecdotes of our own king as formerly of the foreign potentate:

Beyond Osnaburg the country became beautiful, and the rural character of the landscape was increased by the number of farm-houses, all of which had an air of snugness and comfort about them, that rendered them highly pleasing objects. After passing through a wood, a magnificent prospect burst upon us of an extensive plain immediately beneath. On an eminence, above the village of Iburg, is a pile of building,

"An old, old monastery once, and now  
Still older mansion,"  
which has been occupied since 1803 by the governor of the district. Although a village, this place contains about 800 inhabitants and two churches. This was also the birth-place of the mother of Frederick the Great.

At Telget, we were informed by the landlord of the inn where we alighted, that his dwelling, humble as it appeared, had been honoured by having been, for several days, the residence of his Majesty George IV.; for which honour we found that he had been more indebted to accident than design, since one of the carriages having been upset, the attendants behind had been flung off, and one of them severely wounded. With his characteristic humanity, therefore, his Majesty ordered him to be conveyed into this house, alighted himself, and remained here a whole day. This circumstance proved a fortunate one for the landlord, as it produced him a thousand dollars; it is needless, therefore, to say, that he spoke of our monarch's liberality in the most rapturous terms. Even the stains of blood on the table, on which the wounded man was laid when first brought into the house, were pointed out to us, and will, without doubt, be carefully preserved as a memorial for his descendants. Had it not been for this occurrence, I much doubt whether Telget would have been long favoured with the presence of royalty, as the place itself has nothing attractive in its aspect.

Not having met with any similar accident to detain ourselves, we now hastened on to Munster, whose spires shortly after appeared at the extremity of a

heath. In the environs of the city are many gardens, with pleasure-houses and pavilions, which are the favourite resort of the citizens on summer evenings. This place is of some importance, being the capital both of the duchy of the same name and of all Westphalia. It was formerly fortified, but little remains, at present, even to indicate its once military appearance, except a few fragments of ancient walls. There are eleven churches; and the first of these is St. Lambert's, said to have been built 800 years ago. The principal altar is ornamented with Doric columns, and therefore quite out of character with the rest of the edifice. On the walls are many old paintings of subjects from the New Testament, with figures of bishops and saints; there is also a most preposterous image of the Virgin, with three swords sticking in her breast. The windows have a quantity of stained glass, emblazoned with armorial bearings. From the tower of this church, which is 307 feet high, is a fine prospect of the surrounding country; but what renders this building interesting to the historical traveller, is, that it was here John of Leyden, King of the Anabaptists, as he styled himself, suffered torture for having seized upon the city, which was retaken after a siege of fourteen months. Three iron cages, about eight feet high, and four in breadth, project from the walls near the summit of this tower, in which he and two of his accomplices were exhibited like wild beasts. The cathedral, which is a still more ancient edifice, situated in a square planted with trees, has attached to it a monastery in good preservation, and in the cloisters belonging to it are numerous monuments, &c. There are some old paintings, one of which represents Christ driving the money-changers from the Temple. We were shown an enormous chess-board, about five feet long and two broad, which is said to have belonged to John of Leyden. There is, too, a curious clock, which is pointed out as one of the "lions" of this cathedral, and it is certainly a most ingenious piece of mechanism: there are four figures,—one with a trumpet, the second with a hammer, a third representing Time with his scythe, and the fourth Death with a dart in one hand, and an arrow in the other. At the expiration of each quarter of an hour, the first figure sounds his trumpet, and the other strikes with his hammer; and, at the end of the hour, Death gives a blow with his dart, and Time reverses his hour-glass.

The town-house is a very antique and massive building, the walls being eight feet thick; the windows are Gothic, and two of them have stained glass, with figures of Justice, Fortitude, Charity, Patience, Hope, and Faith. The hall, which is sixty feet in length, by thirty in breadth, has some grotesque but well-executed carvings, and niches or stalls, with seats and cushions, over which are the names of the persons to whom they belonged. At one end was a table covered with coarse tapestry, and at the other an enormous fire-place, with a massive canopy of carved wood, representing various events in the life of our Saviour. The walls are adorned like those in the town-hall at Aix-la-Chapelle, with the portraits of those who were present here at the signing of important public treaties. A door beneath the table was opened by our cicerone, who took out a silver figure, representing a game-cock, the head of which can be taken off by unscrewing it, when it forms a drinking-cup, in which capacity it is used at the election of a burgomaster. Among other curiosities was exhibited to us the hand of a notary public, which was chopped off in 1703, for forging a document, and is preserved here in *terrorem*; also an iron collar, with spikes,—no very pleasing memorial of the barbarities formerly inflicted upon criminals. Besides these, was an iron sword six feet in length, which formidable weapon is still borne in procession on some occasions. It was in this hall that the famous treaty of Westphalia, which terminated a religious warfare that had been carried on for thirty years, was signed in 1648.

The city itself is very ancient; and the houses, the fronts of which are decorated with carvings and figures, generally rest upon arches. Beneath these are the shops, and the latter are consequently very gloomy. There are about 18,000 inhabitants, the greater part of whom are Catholics. The walks around the town are pleasant, particularly those on the ramparts, which are planted with lime-trees, and command a prospect of the river Aa that flows beneath.

Although the greater part of the population are Catholics, recent political changes have considerably increased the number of Protestants; and in August, 1818, the Catholic University, which had of late years about 300 students, was broken up; but there is still a seminary for educating priests of that persuasion; also a Catholic Gymnasium, which latter has about 250

scholars, and a library containing 25,000 volumes. Horses must be cheap here, if I may judge from a strong one for a cart, which I saw sold in the principal street for one guinea.—Vol. II. pp. 264—269.

## NOTICES OF BOOKS.

*An Essay on the Diseases of the Jaws, and their Treatment; with Observations on the Amputation of a Part or the Whole of the Inferior Maxilla: tending to prove that such Operation is seldom, if ever, necessary. With two plates.* By Leonard Koecker, M.D., Surgeon-Dentist, &c. &c. Underwoods. London, 1828.

THE author of the present essay is well known to the medical profession by his excellent treatise on 'Dental Surgery.' In the work before us, he has taken a careful review of all the diseases incidental to the bones constituting the jaws, which are numerous. The art of a dentist is, like that of a surgeon, divided into the *Art and Science*, of this department of medical education. Unfortunately for the public at large, most of the modern dentists, who flourish in the public papers by means of advertisements, generally study the mere mechanical part of the profession, while the scientific portion is omitted. It is, therefore, pleasing to find an individual, (and a foreigner too), paying the way for its improvement in this most important part. And it is truly lamentable, to find the majority of medical practitioners (including many professed dentists) so little acquainted with the fundamental principles of their profession. We need hardly inform our readers, who are the sufferers on this occasion. The author of the present essay appears to use his endeavours to create a more general study of the diseases of the teeth and mouth among medical pupils generally. We cannot but recommend a careful perusal of both his present and his former work, as containing valuable remarks, with illustrative cases, highly interesting to the pathological student, and recommend him to pay more attention to the diseases in question, as being frequently, and, we may add, in our opinion, most generally, created by indigestion, intemperance, and neglect.

*An Analysis of the Historical Books of the Old Testament.* Vincent. Oxford, 1828.

This is a useful and important little work. It is adapted to give the young a clear idea of the course of scripture history, and the more advanced reader will find great advantage in the assistance it offers to the recollection. The notes are well selected, and all highly useful. We recommend the work to general attention, not as superseding the Bible in its proper form, but as a key to its contents.

*Arran: a Poem, in six Cantos.* By the Rev. David Laing. Blackwood. Edinburgh, 1828.

THE pleasure we experience in reading descriptive poetry, is very akin to that we feel in wandering over the fields, or among the scenes which it describes. It affords a soft and quiet sort of gratification, neither heightened nor disturbed by some of the accompaniments of other species of poetry, and the writer of it, accordingly, has only to possess feeling, and general good taste, to insure our sympathy, and make us enjoy his compositions. Mr. Laing's Poem has great merit of this kind, and we should tread every spot of ground he has mentioned with a deeper and more lengthened enjoyment, since reading many of his happy and picturesque descriptions.

*Constable's Miscellany; Register of Politics and Literature for 1827.* Constable. Edinburgh, 1828.

WE are exceedingly glad to find such a work as this, in its present cheap form, before the public. It contains a Memoir of Mr. Canning, a concise and judicious abstract of every thing of importance which has become matter of political or literary history during the last year, and is altogether well compiled.

*Mémoires du Comte de Modène sur la Révolution de Naples de 1847.* Paris, 1828.

THESE Memoirs were first printed in Paris in 1666, and had become so scarce a work that a new edition of it has just been published. The old edition is to be met with in most collections of historical productions; but we notice the present one, in consequence of a very curious correspondence which has been added to it, and shows what part France took in this revolution. These letters are written by Louis XIV., Cardinal Mazarin, the Duke de Richelieu, M. de Brienne, and the Duke de Guise.



[The concluding Article of the Eight Days at Brighton will be given in our next.]

### TYRANNICAL TREATMENT OF THE LAST QUEEN OF GEORGIA.

THE subjugation of Georgia, to the Russian sceptre, was attended with many interesting circumstances, which are as yet, either entirely unknown, or at least, known but very imperfectly in Europe. We have, however, met with an account in a German journal, of the removal from Tiflis, of the last individual of the Royal family, who attempted to recover the sovereignty which Russia had extinguished. An abstract of this story, which though romantic, is we believe, substantially true, may be allowed to occupy a page in 'The Athenæum' at the present moment, when the powerful Autocrat of the North, is understood to have recommenced war with Persia, on the one hand, and on the other, to threaten a formidable attack on the Ottoman Porte.

It is well known, that, about the end of the last century, some of the principal tribes of Georgia, unable to repel the repeated attacks of the Turks and Persians, eagerly sought the assistance and protection of Russia. The appeal was not made in vain. The Russian troops marched into the country, and supported the Kings of Georgia, Imerthia, (called in the maps and gazetteers, Immerctia and Imiretta,) and the other chief Princes of the country. But it was soon found, that these independent Sovereigns quarrelled among themselves, and Russia was not slow in taking advantage of the dissensions, which, it is alleged, she provoked. Like the Greeks, the Georgians wished to be independent; but that wish did not coincide with the policy of the Cabinet of St. Petersburg. It was there determined, that the several native Princes should be removed to a distance from their territories, and allowed pensions for their subsistence. Most of them submitted quietly to the arrangement imposed on them. Only one, Salomon II., King of Imerthia, rejected the Russian offer. He fled, placed himself under the protection of the Porte, and died at Trebisond, in 1815.

The Princess, whose last unsuccessful attempt to throw off the Russian yoke we shall briefly relate, was Maria, the daughter of Prince George Tsitsianoff, and the widow of George XIII., son of the celebrated Heraclius, King of Georgia. This last of the Georgian Kings died in December 1800. His eldest son, David, ought then to have ascended the throne, but, in consequence of stipulations made by Russia in the Treaty of Tiflis, concluded in November 1795, he was merely declared Regent, and was, finally, removed to Russia in the year 1803. The whole country was immediately converted into a Russian province. This change was chiefly brought about by Prince Paul Dimitrevitch Tsitsianoff, who, though nearly related to the royal family, was completely devoted to the interests of Russia. He had risen to the rank of general in the Russian army, and, for his services on this occasion, was appointed Governor-General of Georgia.

Prince Tsitsianoff appeared to have now put an end to all idea of further resistance on the part of the country, and as no danger was apprehended from Queen Maria, she, without much difficulty, obtained permission from the Russian Government to remain in Georgia with her infant children, of whom she had seven, five male and two female. The Queen, however, did not feel much gratitude for this favour, as she suspected that her sons, on approaching manhood would be taken from her and removed to Russia. She, therefore, resolved to escape into her father's territory, where she expected to find the means of making head against the Russians. In the meantime General Tsitsianoff, who was aware of the bold and decided character of the Queen, kept a strict eye upon her. All her movements were carefully watched, and at last the General thought it necessary to advise the Russian Government to

withdraw the permission for her residence in Georgia. But this was not sufficient; the Queen might take some important step before the decision of the Russian Government could arrive; and to guard against every accident, he gained over, by promises and bribes, Kalatusoff, a Georgian of noble family, who was in the Queen's household, and honoured with her entire confidence. This wretch, seduced by the offer of a brilliant reward, disclosed all the plans of the Queen.

Maria relied much on the Pshavi and Tushini, two Caucasian tribes, who inhabit the banks of the Yora to the north-west of Tiflis, and whose character and customs render them formidable to their enemies. Their laws incite to the most daring hardihood in the field, and they are taught to regard revenge as a duty. He who returns from battle wounded in the back is punished with death, and the beard must remain unshaved until the death of a relation be avenged. These mountaineers had from time immemorial, formed the body guard of the Georgian kings, and they had always been strongly attached to the Royal family. Maria determined in the first instance to take refuge among the Pshavi; but the plan of her escape was betrayed by Kalatusoff, at the moment when every thing was prepared for its execution.

One of the chiefs of the Pshavi, named Hadilla, remarkable for his courage and gigantic stature, was deputed by his tribe to conduct the plan of escape. He had several conferences with the Queen on the subject, which were immediately disclosed by Kalatusoff. General Tsitsianoff wished to verify the information he had received, and for that purpose ordered Hadilla to be summoned before him. There was with the General, only his interpreter, whom he thought proper to have present at this interview, though he knew the language of the Pshavi perfectly well. Kalatusoff was concealed behind a sofa. On Hadilla's entrance, he saluted the General in the manner of his country, and the following dialogue followed between them:

'What has brought you to Tiflis?' 'I have come here to purchase salt.' 'Do not attempt to deceive me, you have other reasons for being here.' 'I have come to purchase salt.' 'Your life is forfeited if you do not speak the truth. If you persist in concealment, I have power to order your head to be struck off instantly.' 'What, order me to be beheaded immediately! By whom then? By that Armenian interpreter there, perhaps, (putting his hand in his bosom) but I have still a dagger \*\*\*.'

The general perceived that he could not succeed by threats, and endeavoured to extract something by milder language. But his alteration of tone produced no effect. Hadilla's unvarying answer was, that he came to buy salt. The general then called Kalatusoff from his concealment, and confronted him with the Pshavi, who indignantly refused to answer any farther questions. Six Russian grenadiers were then introduced, who disarmed Hadilla, and conveyed him to the fortress.

The General was now satisfied that the removal of the Queen was indispensable to the peace and tranquillity of the country. He, therefore, resolved to accomplish that object on the following day, the 12th of April, 1803. It was his wish, however, that nothing should seem to be done privately, but that it should appear that the Queen was proceeding of her own accord on a journey. Every thing was, therefore, to be conducted with pomp and ceremony. Accordingly, at an hour of the morning rather too early for waiting on a Princess, Major-General Lazareff, in full uniform, accompanied by an interpreter, named Sorokin, having the rank of Captain, and followed by two companies of infantry, with military music, proceeded to the Palace. Lazareff went directly to the Queen's apartment, where he found her sitting, in

the oriental manner, with her legs crossed under her, on an elevated cushion. She was surrounded by her seven children, the eldest of whom was barely seven years of age, and who were sleeping on adjoining cushions. Lazareff intimated that she must immediately prepare to leave Tiflis. The Queen had for some days apprehended that a measure of this kind would be adopted before she could effect her escape. But, though she was not altogether taken by surprise, she did not fail to remonstrate against so precipitate an order. She pointed to her children, and said, that if she waked them rashly 'it would turn their blood.' This is a prevailing prejudice in Georgia. When Lazareff stated that he acted under the orders of General Tsitsianoff, she merely said 'Tsitsianoff too!' i. e., 'Tsitsianoff is the disgrace of his family.' Beside the cushion on which the Queen sat, and which covered a kind of state bed or throne, there was a pillow on which she used occasionally to recline her head, and which she now drew towards her knee, apparently resting her arm upon it. In this pillow she had, for some time, kept concealed the sword of her deceased husband. Lazareff perceiving no disposition to prepare for the journey, approached the cushion on the left, and stooped down with the intention of raising the Queen. Maria, who had by this time laid the pillow quite across her knee, suddenly drew the sword and plunged it into his side, exclaiming, 'So perish all the agents of tyranny and dishonour.' The wound was mortal, and the Russian, with a convulsive cry, instantly expired. Sorokin, the interpreter drew his sword to oppose the Queen, and wounded her severely on the shoulder; Helena, the mother of Maria, being alarmed by the noise, rushed at this moment into the apartment, and seeing the blood streaming from her daughter's wound, clasped her in her arms, with the eager action of a parent protecting her child. Four officers also immediately entered, and in a moment the House was full of Russian soldiers. The Queen was dragged from the arms of her mother, and hurried with her children into a carriage, which had been prepared to receive her. A strong military escort accompanied the carriage. Every where on the road the Georgians gave proofs of their attachment to the Queen, but the soldiers permitted very few persons to come near her. It was wished to know what the Queen might say to any of the people, or what conversation might pass between her and her children. For this purpose, a Russian, who understood Georgian, was selected to conduct the carriage. This man, on his return to Tiflis, related many affecting anecdotes of the journey. Among the rest the following:—The young prince Gabriel, only six years old, said, 'Mother, why did you kill that officer?' 'For your honour, my dear,' answered the Queen; to which, the child replied, 'Mother, say that I did it, and then the Russians will not harm you.'

On arriving in Russia, the Queen was shut up in a cloister, and thus ended the kingdom of Georgia.

### CONTINENTAL SCENES.

#### THE MURDER—CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.

THE narrative of the supposed murderer's trial, broke off abruptly in our last, (p. 345,) at the point in which the unhappy individual, Platz, who had first insisted on surrendering himself up to justice, recalled his self-accusation, and insisted on his being innocent, notwithstanding his previous eagerness to cover himself with guilt.

Never, perhaps, was man placed in so singular, nay, unprecedented, a situation, as that in which the counsel for the unfortunate Platz now found himself. 'C'est it,' said he, addressing himself to the Jury with enthusiastic warmth, 'can it, gentlemen, be for a moment asserted, that the accusation preferred against this unhappy man, is supported by any forcible testimony? Is there a

strong mass of presumptive evidence, to bewilder your judgment and excite suspicions in your mind which it becomes me to remove? Who are the accusers at this awful tribunal? One, and one only, and that is the wretched Platz himself. His evidence alone supports the impeachment; he alone endeavours to baffle every effort of his defenders, and to devote himself to an ignominious, though welcome death. What witnesses appear against him? None—the only testimony of his guilt is his own acknowledgment, and that is made under the influence of a morbid and melancholy state of mind. Numerous circumstances are in positive contradiction to this avowal, and contribute to render it in the highest degree improbable. When I reflect, (continued the counsel, in a tone of voice calculated to excite the most sympathetic emotion,) on a condemnation passed upon such proof or rather want of proof, I am naturally inclined to revert to those days, when a Judge pronounced sentence of death on the wretched criminal whose confession of guilt had been extorted by the application of torture: yet even these unfortunate beings, had an advantage over my unhappy client; *they* could, by summoning all their energies to their aid, for a short period, resist the agonies of the wheel. But where is the mind endowed with sufficient fortitude to endure torture for a series of years? when each successive day brings with it a renewal of hopeless grief, with no diminution of suffering, no consolatory reflection to mitigate the pang. We are all aware, how the strongest mind must sink under such baneful influence; how enviable the repose of the tomb must then appear, and with what eagerness it would be sought. And are not the means pursued by this unhappy man the most likely to effect his purpose? I shudder when I call to your attention, that, if prisoners are condemned on their own confession alone, the hand of Justice must frequently become the instrument of suicide.

This discourse of my learned friend excited strong emotion in his auditors, many of whom were bathed in tears. Platz alone remained unshaken, and seemed to regret that he should still be compelled to endure life. When the President, however, re-commenced the examination, he threw himself on his knees, and began to pray. 'What a lesson,' said the eloquent magistrate, 'would the present scene afford to those whose illiberal and selfish minds would deprive the lower classes of society of the benefits arising from the diffusion of knowledge: what a striking example of the evils of their doctrine! Ignorance perverts the most valuable precepts of morality, as well as the most sacred laws of religion, which forbid us to quit the post in which the Almighty has placed us, until it shall please him to relieve us; and, if any wretched being presumes to relinquish his life and his fate, however miserable, and rush unbidden into the presence of his Creator, he becomes liable to the just anger of his offended God. The unhappy prisoner is not ignorant of this sacred law; his memory acknowledges it, but his reason is no guide in the fulfilment of it; deprived of the light of education, he is led astray by the errors of superstition. Thus, he acts in direct opposition to the very law that he considers most sacred; although armed with the most ferocious resolution against his own life, he dares not sacrifice it himself, lest he should provoke the anger of his heavenly Judge; he has, however, recourse to the dreadful expedient of compelling his fellow-creatures to inflict death upon him. To effect this, he has rendered himself guilty, either of an actual crime, or a wilful falsehood, and, should he appear in the presence of the Almighty, stained with the blood of his fellow-man, the judicial sentence will still leave some space between the commission of the deed and the hour of atonement; wherein he may endeavour by prayers and repentance to obtain the divine mercy. If, on the other hand, he has pro-

claimed himself guilty of an imaginary crime, he deceives himself even still more palpably. He thinks he has escaped perdition, because, by not being his own executioner, he has cast the guilt upon the judge, who, by means of his artifice, will have passed an unjust sentence upon him, which to you, gentlemen, as well myself, would be a source of endless regret. With you, however, it rests, he continued, addressing the jury, to decide to which of these expedients, the prisoner has had recourse.'

After a short deliberation, the unfortunate prisoner Platz was acquitted unanimously by the jury, and a subscription was immediately made for him among the members of the Bar. I watched him closely when the acquittal was pronounced; he clasped his hands, and raised his eyes to heaven, then he leaned his head upon the crucifix, and his gesture was that of perfect resignation. I left the Court, and thought of that passage in Rousseau, which says, 'Devotion is the opium of the soul; when we take a little, it animates and strengthens us; when we take too much, it produces lethargy, or delirium, or death;' and never did its truth strike me so powerfully.

#### FRENCH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

[THE first number of a New Quarterly Review has just appeared in Paris, of which the following notice has been transmitted us by a Correspondent, on whose disinterestedness and impartiality we can rely.]

While glancing over the contents of this Number, we could not help frequently considering what an impulse such a work, wisely planned and judiciously conducted, might give to the progress of enlightened knowledge, and how it might prepare, for the French people, the road to superiority in wisdom and in liberty. We live in a period when society is all life and activity. Information has been more generally diffused, and the consequence has been a universal advancement towards every species of improvement. Individual interests are now better understood, more cared for, and attended with greater prosperity; but, as we are convinced that the interests of the great family of the state proceed upon principles in no respect different from those which regulate private families, every one conceives that he ought to have the privilege of examining for himself, and the voice of the public resolutely demands the right to fix a scrutinizing eye upon the operations of their governors. To that voice the press replies in a thousand different forms; and, in a thousand different forms, encourages, irritates, or appeases it. On the other hand, by means of the universal advancement of which we have spoken, and through this conflict of action and re-action, the whole range of human knowledge has been thrown open to the eyes of the community. Political economy, domestic economy, philosophy, literature, are the amusements of almost every body: reading has become one of the chief wants: books are called for, and appear as if by magic.

As it would not be in the power of every individual to purchase all the books which are written in each department of literature, so neither would the compass of human life suffice for their perusal; still less, would the great majority of readers be capable of forming a correct judgment of them, and of reaping from them the greatest possible advantage. Reviews have therefore become indispensable; and, if ably and impartially conducted, they cannot fail to be of the utmost utility.

We have great pleasure in saying, that most of the articles composing the first number of the 'Revue Trimestrielle' are of great merit. That which treats on the French Elections of 1827, and that on 'The Constitutional History of England,' (both subjects of the greatest moment,) are emi-

nently distinguished by profound views, and by an historical completeness, an order, and a perspicuity, which make them most delightful reading, and leave on the mind an impression as lively as it is interesting. Between these two articles, which are chiefly political, we meet with two others relating to natural history; the one on fossil bones, or, rather, on the revolutions of our globe, and the other on the temperature of the interior of the earth. The first of these forms a small book, complete in itself; the subject is connected with inquiries of the most serious nature and of the highest importance; and the article itself is alike entertaining and instructive. It concludes thus: 'One thing more is worthy of remark, and that is, that, in thus supplying his own wants, and making up the deficiencies of nature, he, (man,) discovered that this same nature had violently convulsed our globe by frequent revolutions; that lofty chains of mountains are the receptacles of an immense number of organic remains; and that,—with the exception of some central ridges, the primitive soil, crystallized before life had appeared in the world,—wherever he walks, and wherever he toils, he is walking and toiling among tombs; that it is out of the wrecks of life, that he builds his halls, palaces, and temples, and procures almost all his enjoyments. It should seem as if nature thus designed to place continually before his eyes, the final doom of all organized existence, the inevitable end of life,—mortality.'

The other article, though quite as excellent in its kind, is less satisfactory to readers who look for known and definite results, which are still entangled among theories. After having examined the nature of volcanic substances, and demonstrated that they are homogeneous throughout the world, the writer puts the following question, 'And what can this pervading fire be, except the fluid and inflammable mass of the globe, the solid rind of which, incessantly contracted by the periodical refrigeration which has not yet attained its limit, compresses the liquid substances in its enclosure, and forces them to seek vent through those openings in the surface which exist in different places?' Further on, we read: 'It is not then by virtue of theory that we are now brought back to the notion of a central fire; but in spite of theory, and in spite of many prejudices.'

The article on the works of the Chinese philosopher, Confucius, and of his disciples, will not be without interest to those who are conversant with the religious doctrines which have characterized the various nations of the earth. It appears to broach the opinion, that they have all sprung from the same source; and it is scarcely too much to conclude, that, on a closer examination, their origin might be traced to the people who possess the books of Moses. This article, especially, as well as the preceding ones, conscientiously fulfils all the conditions of the prospectus.

The review of Mr. Walton's letter to the Marquis of Lansdown, on the affairs of Portugal and Spain, while it throws great light on the present state of Portugal, depicts in very gloomy colours the future destinies of that country; and the events which have transpired since the publication of the Review, prove but too clearly how intimately the author is acquainted with public opinion on the banks of the Tagus. There is another article which we cannot pass over in silence: a description of the industry of the departments of France, by Baron Dupin. It is difficult for any one to read it without feeling a strong desire to retire into the bosom of the country, and contribute his share to the prosperity of the state, by devoting himself to some one of the branches of industry which the author has described, or to the encouragement of popular instruction, which, as he has so well said, and so ably proved, 'leads to happiness by the path of knowledge.'



## HECATOMPYLOS.

The populous and unapparent deep  
Is imaged in our visionary hours,  
And dreams of men oft shadow forth the forms  
Which lie beyond the palpable bare sense.  
So did I view a ruinous city vast  
Slow rising through the great abyss of thought,  
Dim and half-bodied, like a forming world;  
And, in my sleep, a wild voice loud bewailed,  
Whose hollow tone in echoes lingered far,  
E'en like old Chaos howling for his throne.

Stately the domed vision ponderous rose,  
And the rough haze was slowly swept away,  
Till arch, and cupola, and marble wall,  
Cloud-piercing spire, temple, and obelisk,  
Stood shroudless, bare, like beings from the grave  
Forth called, amidst the revels of the worm;  
Mouldering and shattered, their gaunt skeletons  
Grappling with ruin, mindful of gone days.

Here stood a palace, gorgeous once and strong,  
Whose fallen blocks were heaped with dust around;  
Its inner work in ridgy fragments rose;  
Their carved sides of many-folding beams,  
Rifted and ribbed, seemed like an old crushed wreck  
Half full of sand, where uncouth reptiles crawl.  
The pinnacle's unseemly outline bare,  
Formless with flaws whence hideous lizards looked,  
And homeless bats sought shelter from the day.  
There too a fane all roofless echoed oft  
The death-psalm of the wind, and on its forms  
And sculptured images of ore and stone  
Time gravely smiled, while from his giant feet  
He shook the dust of ages. Here at length  
A prostrate pyramid o'erwhelmed the plain,  
As though a polar storm had landward cast  
A dead leviathan, all stiff with ice.  
Its dreamy hieroglyphics of the stars,  
(Whose lore the Magi and Chaldean old  
At midnight conned in circling awe, and shook  
Their beard's portentous snow,) with sand were  
choaked,  
Or level'd by earth's operative change.

There too a mass of solid porphyry,  
With shafts of pillars, alabaster pure,  
And veined marble, whose bruised effigies,  
Confounding oft the monster with the man,  
Told not one name of the great dead within,  
Stood in the grandeur of a vast decay.  
But, through a dome that yawn'd in fangs of gold,  
Like the rich pandemonium of a mine,  
Down gazing far a line extensive arch'd,  
Where, grimly ranged, slept the swathed dust of  
kings.

Nought stood entire, save of those hundred gates,  
Whose massy brass look'd dingy as a cloud,  
Or, as the earthy hide of Behemoth,  
New risen from his slumbers. Many still  
Their primal form and thronging sculpture bore.  
One near to view its fabric rear'd, whereon,  
Above the arch-way, from its fretted pile,  
Lies in ponderous majesty stood forth,  
Poising the moon, while, at her feet, the glebe  
Was strewn with tassel'd corn and autumn fruits.  
Low at her side sat Orus, on a stone  
Rough with strange characters, and lifted high  
A spear-staff, headed by a ravening hawk.  
Behind her sombre garments, and around,  
Pastures and fields were spread; and bare, swarth  
forms

Drove the great oxen o'er the blackened soil,  
Where serpent trenches drain'd the flooding Nile.  
Beneath was graven, on a shattered slab,  
Upheld on shoulders of pygmean shapes,  
'I am the all-creative—the unveil'd!'

A second structure, all of carved brass,  
As were those hundred gates, attracted now  
My full-fed gaze. Colossal, wide it stood,  
And lifted high the shoulder of its arch,  
On which there sat a mighty god asleep,  
With huge lids seal'd, as though a thousand years  
His slumbers had endured. The bulky arms  
Lay, in repose, along his close square knees;  
And, round the fabric of that silent head,  
Heaven, and the clouds, and dim eternity,  
Were circumsufed—companions of its trance.  
Beside the feet, two horny crocodiles,  
Like rock-bewn monsters fashioned by a spell,  
Watchful of riot, crouch'd with ready jaws.  
Another fabric now my vision fill'd,

Which, at an adverse corner of this old  
And ruin'd city, rose near the outer wall,  
Spanning the earth with imminent dreadful weight.  
Eight columns square, and huge as stone-built tower,  
Supported all; and on their surface broad  
Stood naked giants flat-limb'd and obscene.  
Clos'd were the gates, a ponderous tier of brass,  
Such as besieging armies long might strive  
With crowded ram or iron-limb'd catapult  
To batter down; till their king rent his robes  
And tore the jewel'd tresses from his front  
In impotent despair. Tall and superb,  
A hundred pillars, such as wrestler's arms,  
Breasting, might barely compass, hedged deep  
Within a wall-like frame, each side compos'd;  
And round them uncouth carving and device  
Show'd like the bark of ancient forest trees,  
Where Time hath scor'd strange legends of his power.

Over the arching sweep swoln serpents roll'd  
The volumes of their mail, and, on the maze  
Of their involving forms, a fretted mass  
Firmly was rear'd. Hereon a pageant rich  
Was clear display'd, as of some Orient King  
From war return'd, performing solemn rites  
And orgies old as his ancestral throne.  
His regal form a coal-black camel bore,  
Which, like a tower, o'erlook'd the far-swept fields;  
His head was circled by a gem-sown wreath,  
For such it seem'd e'en midst the dingy hue,  
And thro' his ample robes, which fell like waves  
From some steep rock, one hand was seen to sway  
A weighty sceptre burning in his hold,  
With diamond and carbuncle thick inlaid.  
Behind him and around the horsemen throng'd  
In armour plated, or midst shapeless chains,  
Loading the back of steeds, that surging mov'd  
Clouded with foam and haughtiest breath of spleen.  
Three other camels led by thongs of gold  
In rich array, the surplus of his need,  
Follow'd in grave and melancholy pride,  
And at their heels the chariots slowly roll'd  
Horrid with iron-bound faces scar'd in war,  
And blood-stain'd hands, grasping their death-worn  
blades.

Next rode a crowd of wild and splendid show,  
Some bearing banners, others spear and shield;  
While, following far, ten thousand footmen came,  
Swordsmen, and bowmen bristling all behind  
Like forest boars, and bearers of the axe.  
Last came a countless throng of naked slaves,  
Limb'd like the demons yok'd to midnight's car,  
Who on their ebon shoulders bore great clubs.

Fronting the way a temple stood, whose porch  
With prostrate forms was chok'd, and offerings rich  
Profusely cast, as the wind strews a wreck.  
Above the porch a mighty ox uprear'd  
His solemn bulk, and turn'd towards the sun  
His well-known visage. From an adverse side,  
Fixed on a mystic pedestal, there rose  
A human form, dog-headed, and o'erhung  
By chains of snakes, and garlands wreath'd with  
pearl.

High over all, upon the topmost verge,  
A brood of eagles bickering seem'd to threaten  
A wall beneath, where sphynxes couched in pairs.  
On seven low turrets massy tripods stood,  
Whose incense once stain'd all the clouds in heaven;  
And lion-claw'd vases, where, on festive days,  
Masses of flowers, like chaos'd paradise,  
Were gorgeously o'erheaped in wasteful joy.

Long had I gaz'd, and longer still, perchance,  
In contemplation dwelt; for strongly now  
Mine eyes had grown the rivets of my thought,  
When, from a ruin dim, deep tones I heard,  
As of some stern and melancholy sage  
Opening his nature to the elements,  
And pouring forth the eloquence he felt;  
Pacing and pausing as the impulse came.  
But soon his words fell clear upon mine ears,  
And to my mute-suspended spirit seem'd  
A lone voice risen from the patriarch time,  
When strong hearts throbb'd and song was great with  
man.

'Absorbing time, grey harvester midst toms!  
Thou sleepless giant—never-sated guest!  
Swallowing man's ages as a daily meal—  
Leviathan, who ever hungerest through  
The ocean of eternity—behold  
A pulseless phantom risen from the dust,  
O'er whom thy feet have trampled long ago;

Free'd from thy power to brood among these walls,  
And view thy nature as a thing that's past.  
The silence, and the darkness, and the strength  
That dwells beneath decay; the voice of Death  
Shouting beneath the sea, till the black porch  
Of night turns grey, and gradual yawns in flame  
Before the orient sun; the souls of men  
Sighing in dreams through their own high-grass'd  
graves:

These are the empire of my scepter'd ghost.

'Five thousand years are fled since I was man;  
Yet hath the impress of my human state  
Liv'd in my soul, the finger-mark of God.  
Earth and its myriad shows before me float,  
The forms of matter and the spirit of life,  
Which, e'en from dawn to change, bickers and fails,  
Conquering, subdued, yet struggling to the last,  
In passion's burning vortex; as the storm  
Freteth a brand, until it waste away  
And drop its ashes to regenerate earth.  
Thus, like a traveller on some floating isle,  
He urges forward to his perilous goal,  
While happiness recedes beneath his feet.  
The goad of Hope drives him beyond the bourn,  
And, blind with zeal, he stumbles on Despair,  
And hugs him for a friend. Few are his needs,  
But broad monotony crawls o'er his rest,  
Until he rise with fiery fresh desires.  
Would man were resolute in his forbearance  
As in his will to act; then might the load  
Which pain o'erheaps on frail mortality,  
From infant tears to manhood's smitten front,  
Or dull-vein'd age shaking resign'd grey hairs,  
Be lighten'd, by whole mountains, of its woe.

'Thou universe of unimagin'd splendour  
And glory indestructible, expanding  
Infinite, e'en as the all-pervading Spirit!  
Whether yon rolling orbs of light be trod  
By beings like this palpable green earth,  
Or differing wide, internally compose  
Vast spher'd urns of ice and horrid fire,  
To nature's purpose fram'd; how mean appears,  
Beside thy far and thought-repelling thrones,  
The ebb and flow which shakes this bubbled world.  
Our generations hurry to the past,  
And heroes, rich in fratricidal blood,  
Sink into nought; even the echoed curse  
Above a tyrant's grave, oblivion takes  
To her void bosom: kingdoms change like clouds,  
And the live mirror of the sun doth shift  
Its maned waves; over the wilderness  
Great navies float, and haughty palaces  
Spurn down the oaken forest to the root,  
While temples from the desert rise like dreams:  
Thus chance doth plough the fallows of the world,  
And turns up empires. Riches and renown,  
Grandeur and pride, and war-begotten power,  
Like ugly moths, of wing superb, drop dead  
Amidst the flaming glory of their lust!  
Babylon! Babylon! Babylon! fallen!

'And thou vast Hecatompylos, the ador'd!  
From the abyss of things thus call'd to earth  
Brief space to show thy worm-polluted form,  
Tho' but in vaporous outline; for thy heart  
Is gnawed by time unto the husk of shade;  
Return in silence to thy pregnant sleep.  
Of all those brazen gates, whence armed hosts  
Issued, like thunder from the jaws of fate,  
Nought more remains than song of idle bard  
Shall fashion to his mood. So shifts the scene!  
They were—and they are not; yet, in each pause,  
Great contemplations live and vision'd awe,  
Like silence mid't the spasms of the storm.  
But thou, Eternal Universe! remain'st  
Unchangeable, a quiet breath obeying,  
Which moves all spheres, wakes every germ to life,  
Moulding destruction to the order'd Whole.'

The voice now ceas'd—the vision slowly sank!  
And darkness clos'd like portals o'er its towers.  
Pondering the scene I rose—when by my side,  
Amidst a gorgeous haze, old Mammon stood,  
Scoffing my trance, and pointing, with stern brow,  
Where frozen Famine sat 'mongst wintry boughs,  
Her ribs as gaunt and fleshless; and beneath,  
An old grave frown'd, o'er which was rudely carv'd,  
'Here lie the bones of Homer, clad in earth:  
Good fare for one who living begg'd his bread.'  
So Mammon, sneering, wended on his way,  
Dragging his golden manacles with pain:  
Go, slave!—better to be his dust than thee.

## EXPERIMENTAL PHYSIOLOGY.

WHEN we consider the imperfect knowledge we possess of many important parts of the human body, it is not to be wondered at, that men of a patient and inquiring mind should endeavour to investigate and discover their use, as we cannot suppose that any portion of the animal machine was created without a function assigned to it. Of such an importance has the science of experimental physiology been considered by philosophers of all ages, that animals have been sacrificed by them for the purposes already mentioned. Among these, the names of Hippocrates, Galen, Vesalius, Fallopius, Eustachius, Asellius, and Dr. William Harvey, are transmitted to posterity, by their valuable physiological discoveries. In 1616, the latter discovered the circulation of the blood, from experiments made on deer, frogs, mice, &c. Eustachius and Asellius discovered the absorbent system in the horse and dog, (1563-1622.) Thus two of the most important functions connected with the cure of disease, were found by the lives of a few animals being sacrificed to the public good; and so convinced was that unfortunate monarch, Charles the First, of the importance of this department of medical science, that his permission was given to Dr. Harvey, to take as many of the deer from the royal parks, as he thought proper, for the prosecution of his experiments on this subject, as well as to elucidate his theory of generation.

Notwithstanding the clamour that has been raised against Dr. Magendie, (of Paris,) Messrs. Bell, Home, Brodie, Philip, and others engaged in the performance of experiments on living animals, their objections appear to be chiefly laid on the ground of humanity, and there would be some weight in them, if they acted themselves on this principle; but we find, that the opponents to this mode of research, patronise hunting with bounds a timid hare or stag, for many miles, when the poor animal, worn out with fatigue, becomes an easy prey to the pursuing dogs; and in the shooting season, many thousands of harmless birds are left to expire in lingering agonies, from fatal wounds: yet this is tolerated, because it is sport. (Is it humanity?) But if the anatomist destroys a dog or rabbit, for the purpose of benefiting the public, he is openly denounced as barbarous, by those very persons who take pleasure in giving faithful accounts of horse-races, hunting, shooting matches, &c. How are we to know the effects of newly-discovered medicines, but by giving them to animals, carefully watching their results, and then making our comparisons? Can any conscientious medical practitioner sport with his fellow-creatures? Would any individual consent to have experiments performed on his own person? No, it becomes our duty to ascertain their effects; which, we repeat, can only be done on the brute creation; and, to use the words of Dr. Wilson Philip, (acknowledged to be an excellent anatomist, a patient investigator, and a careful experimentalist.) 'Can we censure Orfila for an extensive set of experiments on living animals, made with a view to discover an antidote for the poisons often taken accidentally in ordinary life, by which many human beings have been saved, and many thousands will be saved, from the most painful death? Or will it be maintained that animals may be sacrificed to save one man to-day, and not thousands at a future period? Who can calculate what sufferings have been prevented, and how many lives have been saved, by the experiments made on living animals? For example, those which made known the circulation of the blood, and thus gave to the practice of medicine, in many particularly inflammatory diseases, a precision formerly unattainable.'

By one of the original laws of the Royal Veterinary College at St. Pancras, a Medical Experimental Committee was directed to be formed, for the purpose of cultivating animal physiology, and elucidating its mysteries; but, since the death of John Hunter, the illustrious father of modern surgery, nothing has been done, nor are the public acquainted with the results of their labours, (if any.) This is much to be regretted, considering the utility of such an establishment, and the large sum of money placed at the disposal of the professors for the promotion of veterinary science. However, it is in the power of the patrons to effect a reform in this department of medical science; and we trust the time is not far distant when the institution will be conducted, as intended, for the purposes designed by its founders.

\* See an inquiry into the Vital Functions, &c. &c. by Dr. W. Philip, third edition, dedicated to the scientific public, and well worth their attentive perusal.

† See No. III. of 'The Farrier and Naturalist,' for March.

However well the public may feel disposed to sympathise with the brute creation, (and here let us observe, the prevention of unnecessary cruelty is well worthy of their attention,) we must call to their recollection that 'charity begins at home;' and that it is therefore a task imposed upon us, to render the works of the Deity subservient to the purposes and benefit of that *chef d'œuvre* of divine skill and wisdom, MAN.

## THE EIGHTEENTH OF BRUMAIRE.

[THE following fragment, which has been transmitted from Paris, for 'The Athenæum,' is extracted from a work now in the press, which is highly commended by those who have read the manuscript. It brings to light one of the most singular episodes of the French Revolution, and exhibits, in the clearest point of view, the characters of those persons who took a share in the famous 18th of Brumaire, which made Napoleon master of France, and was his first step to the Imperial throne.]

SCENE.—Rue de la Victoire in front of Napoleon's house. The doors open. The street, filled with mounted dragoons of the 9th regiment.

A Dragoon, (trotting through the street.)—Coachman, turn to the left, drive along the Rue du Montblanc, no carriages to pass here!

The Coachman, (on his box.)—We set down at the General's, and that street is full of soldiers.

The Dragoon.—No matter—drive on! that's my order.

Madame Gohier,\* (from the coach-window to an officer.)—Officer, I am Madame Gohier, I am going to breakfast with Madame Buonaparte. (smiling.) I believe I am free of admission.

Officer.—Dragoon, let the Director's carriage pass. Dragoon.—Excuse me, officer; I have my orders. Let the female citizen alight and go on foot.

Madame Gohier, (angrily.)—That's pleasant! (She alights and goes in.)

Officer of Dragoons, (galloping up.)—Make room, there, fellows! Go, four dragoons to the corner of the street.

A woman.—Captain, tell them to let me pass; I am the cook of Monsieur Talma, in the Rue Chantierine.

Dragoon.—Be gone, woman. There is no such street now, it is the Rue de la Victoire. Move on. (He drives her back.)

Officer to the Soldiers.—Form line, dragoons, the Colonel's coming!

Colonel Sebastiani,† (galloping up.)—Captain, take two hundred men to the Pont-tournant. Some dismounted dragoons will take your place. (He alights and goes in. Shortly after, General Androssy,‡ and the Adjutant-Generals, Caffarelli and Doucet, come up.)

Caffarelli.—What the devil is the matter here? The Boulevard and the Rue de Montblanc are full of uniforms.

Doucet.—There's a review, then?

Androssy.—It is impossible to get in to the General. Even the porch is blocked up. (Generals Milhaud and Morand come up.)

Morand.—Zounds, gentlemen, it is very hard that the commandant of Paris does not know what's going on! Shall I have the honour to know it? What are we sent for, pray?

Doucet.—I have asked that of every body. We have been all summoned, I know not why.

A Superior Officer.—It's very extraordinary. Milhaud.—I believe it is meant for a presentation of a number of officers.

Androssy.—Right! The General has made us wait a long time for that favour.

Milhaud.—Faith! Gentlemen, I must get in to the General at all events—I'll not come here for nothing.

Caffarelli.—If you can get in even to the yard, you may think yourself very fortunate. (More officers come up.)

Regnault,§ (leading out M. de Gohier.)—No, Madam, I beg of you—shall I have the honour of seeing you to your carriage?

Mde Gohier.—Why, really, one would think we were in a town taken by storm! No, Monsieur. You may tell the General, that I am not his dupe. He must not expect Gohier; his presence is too necessary at the Directory.

\* Madame Gohier was the wife of one of the Council of Five.

† Now a General and Member of the Chamber of Deputies—a relation of Napoleon.

‡ Afterwards Ambassador to England.

§ Regnault de Saint-Jean d'Angely, a confidential friend of Napoleon—who was afterwards banished by the Bourbons, and died shortly after his return from exile, in 1819.

Regnault.—Reflect, Madam, on the consequence of his conduct to-day. You know that Sieyes himself—

A Citizen.—Well, citizens, it seems we are going to have hot work. This will be another famous day.

A Second Citizen.—A famous day, indeed! I see the sabres at work yonder, and I must go in. I have not forgotten that this little fellow has peppered us with grape-shot before St. Roch.\*

Barleau,† (running up.) Ah! there you are. I know well what's going on. The Directory is not quite at ease. I would not wish to be in their shoes.

1st Citizen.—You believe! Liberty for ever! Buonaparte for ever!

2d Citizen.—Do you hear? The same cries again! I must take leave: Bon soir, la compagnie. Take care of your heads, if you have any. (He disappears in the crowd.)

Barleau.—Every thing is going on well. We have talked enough. (Several dragoons gallop up with drawn sabres.) Make room there.

A Dragoon.—Stand aside, Parisians.

A Citizen.—Oh! you will crush me.

A Woman.—Take care. Must you cut down the people this way? (Colonel Sebastiani and General Leclerc descend the staircase.)

Sebastiani.—It is impossible to resist that man.

Leclerc.—He is now the man of France. Colonel, we ought all to rally round him, without exception. But here is Commissary Cornet.

M. Cornet,§ (coming up.)—I have brought the decree of the Council of Elders.

Leclerc.—Then the day is ours.

Cornet.—I have described the conspiracies, and struck the conspirators with terror and consternation. The motion for transferring the Council is voted and carried, and the execution of it committed to the General. My zeal for liberty has triumphed over every obstacle. I must run in to the General. We have saved the country. (He goes in.)

Lefebvre,|| (galloping up, and alighting in the courtyard.)—Zounds! Am I thus to be laughed at? Soldiers, by whose orders are you under arms? Who commands the division?

Officer.—General, the Colonel has—

Lefebvre.—Pray, Colonel, tell me why your regiment is not in its quarters? Which of us commands the division?

Sebastiani,|| (shrugging up his shoulders.) Faith, General, go to Buonaparte, and he will tell you all about it.

Lefebvre.—The devil! Buonaparte is nothing, when I am Commander-in-Chief. Has he just come from Egypt to give us the law?

Buonaparte, (appearing at the balcony, surrounded by Murat, MacDonald, Lannes, Bernadotte, Joseph Buonaparte, Moreau, Berthier, &c.)—Is that you, Lefebvre? What is the matter? Are you one of the pillars of the Republic, and will you let it perish in the hands of these lawyers?—(Drawing his sword.) Look, General Lefebvre, this is the sword which I wore under the Pyramids; I give it to you in the presence of the flower of the army, as a pledge of my esteem and confidence.

Lefebvre, (much agitated.)—Oh! yes, by the thunder of heaven, throw all the lawyers into the river. I will stand by you!

Alt.—Buonaparte for ever! Vive la Liberté!

Joseph, (to Bernadotte.)—You are very quiet, Bernadotte.—Liberty!

Bernadotte.—There are no longer any hopes for it! The only patriots are now in the Council of five hundred.

Buonaparte, (earnestly.)—Council of five hundred! France spurns at them!

Bernadotte.—You are sacrificing liberty! Your place will bring back the despotism!

Buonaparte, (with warmth.)—You know my place. I tell you, you must not quit this spot.

Bernadotte, (with disdain.)—I am not one of those Generals that suffer themselves to be arrested. I had an order to act, I would fight against every attempt against the established order.

Buonaparte.—I then rely on your promise to undertake nothing of your own accord.

\* The 13th Vendemiaire, when dispersing the insurgent sections of Paris.

† Barleau was, we believe, a secretary of Buonaparte.

‡ Leclerc was brother-in-law to Napoleon. He died in the expedition to St. Domingo.

§ Cornet has, since the return of the Bourbons, been a deputy and distinguished for his ultra-royalism.

|| Afterwards Maréchal of France, Duc de Dantzig.

¶ Bernadotte was the only General that opposed Napoleon but, after an ineffectual attempt to prevail on General Augereau, to join him, he was obliged to conceal himself for some time.



Bernadotte.—I have made no promise, nor will I make any.

Buonaparte, (haughtily).—Then what is your pleasure, Sir?

Bernadotte.—No Kings! No tyrants! Death or liberty.

Buonaparte, (coming down two steps of the stair-case).—And who wishes for liberty more than myself?

Murat.—Yes! *Sacre nom*, we all wish for liberty!

All.—Vive la Liberté! vive la République! (They all go round Bernadotte, and endeavour to pacify him.)

Buonaparte, (remounting two steps of the stair-case).—Generals, officers, soldiers! This state of things cannot last; it would lead to despotism. We wish for a Republic, but it must be one founded on the basis of equality and civil liberty; it is now time to bestow, on the defenders of the country, that confidence to which they are so well entitled. None can be more patriotic than those brave men who have lost their limbs in the service of the Republic. No more deportations; no more oppressions. (holding up the decree in his hands) Here is the decree of the Council which commands the legislative body to be transferred to Saint Cloud. I am charged with its execution. I am now going to the bar of that assembly, and I will appear there, surrounded by my companions in arms. Soldiers, you will all follow me. (He comes down.)

Fouché.—(advancing).—I have provided against every thing, and given the order to close all the barriers and stop the couriers.

Buonaparte.—You have done wrong, Monsieur Fouché. I want no noise. I march in the cause of France, and I rely upon her. (Passing into the midst of the Generals.)

Berthier, Lannes, Murat, Marmont, Macdonald, I have always found you faithful on the day of battle, and I now rely upon you. General Moreau, France knows that you are as brave in attack, as skillful in retreat. My brave Andreassy, it is not now the Nile or the Isonzo, we have to pass. Caffarelli, your brother was my friend; let us both remember that. Michaud, your services at Bastaro and Verona have not yet been rewarded; but you may rely upon me. Colonel Doucet, serve me as well as you have served Lafayette; fortune has never failed me. To horse, Soldiers!

Sebastiani, (mounted).—Dragoons, attention! Advance four abreast! Column! File off! March!

The People.—Vive Buonaparte! Vive la Liberté!

## PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

### Drury-Lane—Monday Evening.

The attractions at this house on Monday evening were considerable. Young Kean, Miss Foote, and two new after-pieces, we had expected would have insured an overflowing audience: but we were disappointed in this; and, considering the bill of fare, we regard the house as having been by no means well filled. Mr. Kean, jun., as *Frederic* in 'Lovers' Vows,' played the first few scenes in as languid and awkward a way as he well could. In the latter half of the play he gained vigour and animation, and evidenced strong marks of real dramatic feeling and ability. There is much promise in this young man, if he be not over-acted by his father, or spoiled by the capricious praise or blame of the public, before his powers have been sufficiently developed to give him confidence in the dictates of truth and nature. The worst sign about him, at present, is a strong tendency to the mannerism of his father, and, of all men, Mr. Kean is the least fit to be imitated. His genius will not admit of being transfused. We must have himself, or no one merely like him. Miss Foote was lively, graceful, and easy; and Mr. Cooper, as the Count, her father, richly deserved the applause he obtained from every part of the house.

The new after-piece, 'The Dumb Savoyard and his Monkey,' is an interesting little drama, founded, like 'The Maid and the Magpie,' on the mischance brought about by an unlucky animal; a nobleman being about to fall a sacrifice to imperial jealousy, and his wife having obtained his pardon, the sealed document of which is for some time lost, and which is subsequently found to have been concealed by the monkey.

The scenery is surpassingly beautiful, and 'The Dumb Savoyard' is one of the best entertainments of the kind we have seen.

### English Opera House—Wednesday.

The performances of Monday last attracted rather a scanty audience at the English Opera House, but this evening a more numerous and fashionable audience attended. The chief attraction was the 'Ecole des Vieillards,' the master-piece of Casimir De la Vigne.

A feeling of curiosity was experienced, to see Perlet in the character of Danville, the performance of which placed the tragic performer Talma at the head of all the comic actors also of the French Theatre. A hope was also indulged, that the part of Hortense, which was suited to Mademoiselle Falcoz, would find in her a suitable interpreter, well adapted to enable us to comprehend and appreciate the beauties which adorn the composition of the purest of modern French poets.

This hope was partly realised. Perlet appeared to great advantage in the part of Danville, and although Madame Beaupré, a new debutante, (who had taken the place of Mademoiselle Falcoz, in the part of Hortense,) did not fully answer the expectations of the audience; yet the comedy of Delavigne was the object of general admiration.

Danville, an old widower, and wealthy ship-owner, had married the granddaughter of Madame Saint-clair, an antiquated coquet, who is a desperate admirer of high life, and passionately fond of fashionable amusements, into which she frequently leads Hortense. The grandmother and granddaughter happen to be at Paris, where Danville, who had been detained at Havre by business, arrives shortly after them. The first acquaintance he meets with is his old comrade Bounard, to whom he described his matrimonial bliss in the following terms:

'Je végétais, mon cher, et maintenant j'existe.  
Des de soins! quels égards! quels charmans entretiens!  
Que défauts, elle en a; mais n'as-tu pas les tiens?  
Tu crains pour moi mes amis les traveurs de son âge?  
J'ai deux fois plus d'amis qu'avant mon mariage.  
Ma caisse dans ses mains fait jaser les ralleurs!  
Je brave leurs discours; je suis riche, et d'ailleurs  
Une bonne action que j'apprends en cachette  
Compense bien pour moi les rubans qu'elle achète.  
Hortense a l'honneur vive; et moi ne l'ai-je pas!  
Nous nous faisons pas par fois; mais quelle fesse un pas,  
Contre tout mon courroux sa grâce est la plus forte.  
Je n'ai pas de chagrin que sa gaité m'emporte.  
Suis-je seul? Elle accourt. Suis-je un peu las? Sa main,  
M'offrant un doux appui, m'abrege le chemin.  
J'ai quelq'un qui me plaint quand je maudis ma goutte;  
Quand je veux raconter, j'ai quelq'un qui m'écoute.  
Je suis tout glorieux de ses jeunes attraits;  
Ses regards sont si vifs! Son visage est si frais!  
Quand cet astre à mes yeux luit dans la matinée,  
Il rend mon front serein pour toute la journée;  
Je ne me souviens plus des outrages du temps;  
J'aime, je suis aimé, je renais, j'ai vingt ans.'

In the mean time, Hortense appears, and Danville hears of the indiscretions which she has committed during his absence. He demands of her 20,000 francs for the use of his friend Bounard; but the nuptial treasury is empty. He is angry at the extravagance which has been displayed, and the excessive expenses which have been incurred; but Hortense apologises in so graceful a manner for her conduct, that she speedily disarms the resentment of her matrimonial Mentor. Danville's heart yields, though his judgment is unconvinced; and he accordingly repairs to his banker's for the 20,000 francs, which he has promised to his worthy friend Bounard.

In the second Act, Danville returns in a rage, not having found his Banker, and having afterwards gone to the Thuilleries, where he discovered his wife surrounded by a host of admirers, among whom he perceived the Duke of Eluvr. Immediately after Danville's return, the latter arrives, being speedily followed by Hortense, and invites them to a ball to be given by one of the Ministers, his relation. Danville refuses the invitation, and Hortense, finding herself alone with her husband, endeavours to prevail over him. Danville resists, and the act concludes with a brisk quarrel between the newly-married pair.

In the third act, Hortense, in spite of the wish of her husband, prepares for the ball. Danville re-appears, and evinces remorse for the first pain he has given to his young wife. Hortense, affected by this, renounces her intentions; and Danville, after an admirable scene, in which he discloses the utmost tenderness, intermingled with jealousy, repents the following lines:

'Quand on aime avec crainte, on aime avec excès;  
Jeune, on sent qu'on doit plaire, on est sûr du succès;  
Mais vieux, mais amoureux au déclin de sa vie,  
Possesseur d'un trésor que chacun nous envie,  
On en devient avare, on le garde des yeux.'

He then leaves her, quite enchanted with her kindness. Shortly after, the Duke returns; he presses and entreats her, and describes the pleasures of the ball in the following animated terms:

'L'agréable soirée!  
Je vous vois par mon oncle accueillie, admirée;  
A votre aspect s'élève un murmure soudain;

Les cavaliers en foule assiègent votre main;  
Tout danse et se confond au bruit de la musique:  
Les grâces de la cour, l'orgueil diplomatique,  
La banque, l'institut, et jusqu'aux facultés,  
Jusqu'aux fleurs d'argent des graves députés...  
Tout Paris y sera, jurez!... Dans quel grand monde,  
Si l'esprit est commun, le ridicule abonde.  
Vos bons-mots vont courir, et répétés cent fois,  
Feront vivre les sots défrayés pour un mois,  
Et la ville et la cour diront que tant de charmes,  
Bien qu'ils soient tout puissans, sont vos plus faibles armes.'

The grandmother joins her remonstrances to those of the seducing Duke, and Hortense, forgetting all her promises, goes to the ball at last. Danville returns, and, finding himself mocked and insulted, is quite enraged, and hastens immediately in search of his wife.

Hortense does not feel the full extent of her indiscretion, till she arrives at the gay assembly, where, shortly after, she has a glimpse of her husband, who does not speak to her. She immediately returns home alone, overcome with remorse; a chariot arrives, which she supposes to be her husband's. The door opens, and the Duke appears; he brings with him the nomination of Danville to the post of 'Receveur Général,' and, throwing himself on his knees before the young bride, he makes a declaration of his guilty passion. Hortense, quite alarmed and distracted, replies to him with a feeling of horror:

'— Je vous dis que vous m'épouvantez.  
Si Danville—ah, Grand Dieu! tous deux seuls! à cette heure—  
De honte à son aspect voulez-vous que je meure?'

In the mean time, a noise is heard; Hortense is frightened, and in her alarm she forces the Duke into a closet, and shuts the door. Danville arrives; an animated scene takes place between the husband and wife. She at length goes out, and Danville, who is told by a servant that the Duke is in the house, summons him to appear, and challenges him to a duel. This scene, which is drawn with admirable talent, produces the finest dramatic effect, and was admirably played by Perlet and Daudel.

In the fifth act the duel takes place; the Duke disarms his adversary, and justifies the conduct of Hortense. The suspicions of Danville, however, still remain, until the discovery of a letter, written by Hortense to the Duke, which bespeaks her innocence, leads to a reconciliation; and the wife, struck with terror at the dangers which she has escaped at Paris, prevails on Danville to take her back into the country.

This piece, which does the highest honour to the talents of M. Delavigne, presents a very useful lesson, as well as portraits of manners full of truth and nature. The character of Bounard, which was but feebly represented by a new debutant of the name of Préal, has all the characteristics of genuine comedy. Perlet ably represented that mixture of passion and weakness, of courage, and high sentiments of honour, which constitute the character of Danville. His first scene with his friend Bounard, his quarrel with Hortense, and especially the duel scene, brought down peals of applause. Daudel, if not a perfect representative of the dashing Duke, infused into his part a portion of dignity and animation. Madame Beaupré, though not destitute of talents, is ill adapted, either by figure, features, or style of delivery, for the character of Hortense. The character of Mme. Saint-Clair, which is the only ill-conceived one in the piece, produced but very little effect; that of the valet, Valentin, confided to M. Cloup, was not ill performed.

The entertainments of the evening, which commenced with a paltry Vaudeville, called 'Les Mauvaises Têtes,' concluded with 'Les Anglaises pour rire,' in which a debutante, Mlle. Irma, who is exceedingly pretty, sustained the principal parts.

### M. LE COMTE DE CHAMPEU

Has lately published, at Paris, his translation from the Spanish of Moncada, of 'The Expedition of the Catalonians and Arragoneses, against the Turks and Greeks at the commencement of the fourteenth century,' in one volume, octavo. Muntaner, a Spaniard, who belonged to the expedition, on his return to his native country, having written its details in form the of a Chronicle, Moncada deemed it worthy of his labours, and, by enlarging on the subject, rendered it more intelligible and instructive as a history, than it could be in its original state. The translation of M. de Champeu is admirably well executed, and possesses the highest interest.

## ENGRAVINGS.

*Portrait of Miss Fanny Ayton Engraved by G. H. Phillips, after a Drawing by R. Westall, R. A. M. Colnaghi. London, 1828.*

This is a good, but it must be also confessed, a flattering likeness, of the fair vocalist who appeared on the boards of the Italian Opera. There is a peculiar elegance and style in the whole air and tournure of the portrait, which, independently of its merits as a likeness, or an engraving, make it a very pleasing subject for the eye to repose upon.

*The Enchanted Island. Engraved by G. H. Phillips, from a Painting by F. Danby, A.R.A.—M. Colnaghi. London, 1828.*

The original of this picture was the subject of much criticism at the period of its exhibition at Somerset House, a year or two ago; but the judging representations of enchanted scenes by the ordinary rules of art, is like judging miracles by the laws of reason. In the representation of what is out of nature, nature itself can be hardly violated; the only question to be asked respecting such a picture is, does it present a splendid, glowing, and beautiful, as well as exaggerated scene? and has the artist so blended his forms and hues, as to leave impressions of pleasure, as well as of admiration, on the beholder? If so, he has done all that can be expected; and this we take to be the case in the instance before us. The engraving is a soft mezzotint, and gives as faithful a transcript of the original as the absence of colours will admit.

*The Phlebotomist, drawn on Stone, by J. D. Harding, from an Original Picture by Edward Bristowe, in the possession of W. A. West, Esq., of the Life Guards Flint, Burlington Arcade. London, 1828.*

This is another of those grotesque exhibitions of Monkeys, dressed in the habiliments, and engaged in the circumstantial occupations, of human beings, which, since Mr. Landseer's 'Monkeyana' have become so popular. The present sketch gives an interior view of a Phlebotomist's Dispensary, with the spectacle operator preparing his lancet, and his old nurse sustaining a patient from fainting in apprehension, by the administration of a glass of cordial. It has the characteristic merit of the class of subjects to which it belongs, and is not without humour; though we confess we think these caricatures of human nature have been pushed to the utmost limits.

## NEW MUSIC.

*Six Waltzes pour La Guitare, composées et dédiées à Madame Henry de la Chaussette. Par Pierre Goussier. Ewer and Johanning. 2s. 6d.*

INSIGNIFICANT as we think the Spanish Guitar, in the scale of musical instruments, yet there seems to exist a facility in producing ingenious chords and modulations upon it, not easily to be accounted for by those who cannot play; for example, all who have enjoyed, (as we have frequently,) the good fortune to hear Sox and Nüské, (two very clever writers, performers, and teachers,) have experienced singular delight, not unmixed with astonishment, at the remarkably excellent arrangement of harmonies produced by them, upon an instrument so apparently inapplicable to the purpose: and we are led to offer these remarks, because the very clever Six Waltzes, now under consideration, become, by their merit, a striking illustration of the subject; they abound in chromatic transitions that do not crowd or disfigure the agreeable melodies, but on the contrary considerably adorn them.

*'I'd be a Butterfly,' a Ballad sung with the most rapturous applause by Miss Love, in Mr. Poole's new Comedy, 'The Wealthy Widow,' also by Miss Stephens and Mrs. Waylett. The words and melody by T. H. Bayley, Esq., and dedicated to the Right Hon. Lady Ashdown. Willis. Price 2s., coloured 3s.*

As this is published as the fourth edition, we are at a loss to understand why it is sent to us as new music, 'at the eleventh hour?' The simple fact of the quantity that must have been circulated by the number of editions, speaks volumes as to its popularity, if it does not as to its merit. The cheerful simplicity of the melody must please, but the veriest tyro in musical composition cannot but be offended at the inaccurate harmonies applied to it; for example, the consecutive fifths, in passing from the first to the second bar of the preliminary symphony, as well as the bass applied to the first bar itself, are sufficient to astonish any musician of the

most slender acquirements. Occasionally, little flourishing passages are neatly and carefully engraved over the treble staff; and an advertisement prefixed to the song, informs us that they are 'The graces by Signor Crevello, as sung by his pupil Miss Atkinson, at the Oratorios.' Now, in our opinion, these very graces tend to destroy and vitiate the 'cheerful simplicity' for which the ballad is principally to be admired. Another advertisement in a note, (which is whimsical and amusing,) says, 'The words written above are sung by Miss Love, in the comedy of "The Wealthy Widow." Now, the only word altered in the song is that of 'tasting' for 'kissing'; and the ultra-modesty that could be alarmed at a butterfly kissing a flower-bud, (by the bye, we believe they choose open flowers and not buds,) must be strict indeed! Another modest proposal amused us. All who have seen the song, know that there is a lithographic sketch of a butterfly upon the title, and the publisher proposes to charge 3s. for the song if the said butterfly be coloured, and 2s. if plain!

*Three favourite Airs arranged for the Harp or Piano-forte, (ad libitum), and respectfully dedicated to 'THE WONDERFUL INFANT LYRA. By R. Schroeder. (No. XI.) Published by the Author. 1s. 6d.*

THE melodies chosen are 'Oh! it was not for me that I heard the bells ringing,' 'Isabel,' and 'You ask a song, you bid me sing.' These are evidently arranged by a harp teacher, and especially for that instrument; but we cannot admire the manner. The basses from beginning to end are a mere succession of octaves, and the treble a similar succession of common chords, the uniform monotony of which remains unvaried, by the smallest mark of expression. Not one star, dot, S, or P, &c., is perceivable in the three pages! and the whole is presented in the worst possible taste.

*Fantasia for the Piano-forte on an original Air, composed and dedicated to Miss Hutchinson. By Frederick Lemare. Latour. 2s. 6d.*

THE appellation of *Fantasia* is surely misapplied to this little piece, as it is merely a very simple air with four variations, preceded by a trifling introduction, and concluding with as trifling a vivace finale. It may be found of particular service as a school lesson, being well adapted to the piano-forte, and written in a neat and pleasing style; but as the passages are quite of a familiar character, so are they destitute of originality and effect.

*'Fly away, Lady Bird,' Cavatina sung by Madame Vestris. The Poetry by Samuel Carter Hall. The Music by Alexander D. Roche. Lee. 2s.*

THE name of *Cavatina* to this bagatelle, is as much out of character as the denominating the above piece a *Fantasia*. And 'Fly away, Lady Bird,' is admirably adapted to be a companion to 'Little Bo-peep has lost her Sheep,' which has attained extreme circulation and popularity as a nursery song for children. It is light, pretty, and easy; but too much resembling Bishop's 'When the Wind blows,' in 'The Miller and his Men,' to be recommended as original.

*Twelve characteristic Tyrolean Waltzes, composed for the Piano-forte, founded on Tyrolean and Swiss Melodies. Ewer and Johanning. 4s.*

THESE are precisely what they profess to be, highly characteristic and excellent specimens of the peculiarity of Swiss Music; hence the extreme sameness must be excused. The alternation of the chord of the 9th, and flat 9th in the trio of the 2d Waltz is ingenious, and evinces the hand of a clever master. They are well 'brought out,' and neatly engraved, but not always quite correct; for example, in the 2d strain of the 12th Waltz, some of the bass notes should be quavers, that are now crotchets, &c. The whole composition is pleasing, graceful, and in excellent taste.

*'Hurrah, for the Bonnet and Plaid!' A Scotch Ballad, written and composed expressly for, and sung by Miss Love, in the celebrated Opera of 'Guy Mannering.' The words by Wallace Campbell, the Music by Leander Zerbini. Wybrow. 2s.*

WE could speak more favourably of this spirited and pretty trifle, if it were not so decidedly an unacknowledged parody upon 'Hurrah, for the Bonnets of Blue,' both words and music closely imitating it. Zerbini, who is an industrious and clever young man, will, (we venture to predict,) force his talent into notice, and his works into popularity; but he must shun affectation and quackery, and take more pains with his copy. In the symphony to his song, are the following inaccuracies.

The first note has a dot applied to it, instead of the 2d; the major 3d is improperly absent in the chord of the 7th at the commencement of the 2d bar, and the 5th note of the treble in the same bar, should be a quaver instead of a crotchet; and a similar error occurs in the last bar upon page 1. We will not pursue the many corrections necessary through the song, as they are equally tiresome to write as interesting to be read when written; but the above hints are offered with the hope of inducing a young composer to be careful. The burthen of the song, 'Hurrah, for the Bonnet and Plaid,' with the same musical passage applied to it, occurs too frequently, (eight times in the two verses,) and gives a monotonous, as well as a common effect to it.

*Le Rendezvous, Divertimento for the Piano-forte, which is introduced the favourite Ballad of 'Meet me by Moonlight,' with a flute accompaniment, (ad libitum.) By T. A. Rawlins. Latour. 4s.*

THE arrangements and compositions of this writer, have, in rather a short period, attained a well-deserved popularity. They are grammatically correct, pleasing in style, familiar without puerility, and always in good taste. The piece now before us, is formed of a short Introduzione al Preludio, (his allegro brillante in G,) immediately followed by an andante, con esp. in 6-4 time, which, by ingenious modulation, passes into a Tempo di Marcia, both of which movements are quite à la Rossini. After this, Wade's 'Meet me by moonlight,' is introduced in the Key of C, (Andante e Soave in 3-8 time,) and the Divertimento concludes with a Rondino, Allegretto Scherz. e leggero, in G 2-4, in the hornpipe style, occupying the remaining four pages. Thus a great variety of movement and character is produced in a very desirable manner, quite in illustration of our general remarks at the head of this article.

## SCHILLER'S WORK ON THE INSURRECTION OF THE LOW COUNTRIES.

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

SIR,—Give me leave to inform you, (in reference to your page 136,) that an introductory work by Schiller, on the insurrection of the Low Countries, was accessible to 'the English reader' more than twenty years ago. It is now before me, as published in 1807, and entitled, 'History of the Rise and Progress of the Belgian Republic, until the Revolution under Philip III. Including a detail of the primary Causes of that memorable event. From the German Original of Frederick Schiller. By Thomas Horne.'

The translator describes himself as having performed his task, under the advantage 'of a long and complete acquaintance with the language of the original.' How far he has preserved the sense of his author, I am unable to ascertain. Of the translator's style, the following specimen (pp. 2—6) is much at your service:

'It is an awful and comfortable reflection, that there is yet one remedy left against the insolent claims of regal prerogative; that plans of the deepest contrivance for the subversion of liberty among mankind may be rendered abortive; that a determined opposition can unnerve the uplifted arm of a tyrant, and heroic obstinacy exhaust all the dreadful materials and resources of arbitrary power. I was never impressed with a more lively conviction of this solemn truth, than by the History of that memorable rebellion, which dismembered the United Provinces from the Spanish monarchy: on which account it appeared to me to be an undertaking highly meritorious and praiseworthy, to exhibit this monument of social union, in all its majesty and grandeur, before the eyes of the world; that I might, peradventure, excite some pleasing emotions of sympathy in the breasts of my readers, and adduce new and irrefragable proofs, what men may venture to undertake in a righteous cause, and what they may accomplish by unity and concert.'

'It is not a surprising mixture of the marvellous and extraordinary, which allures me to commemorate this event. In the history of mankind, revolutions are recorded more daring and arduous in the attempt, more splendid and glorious in the execution. Many governments have been blown up with a more tremendous explosion; others have advanced with more rapid strides towards the summit of power and glory. Neither are we to look for any of those sublime and splendid characters of more than mortal mould, nor any of those marvellous exploits with which ancient story so copiously abounds. Those times are passed away; those men are no longer in being. Nursed in the soft cradle of luxury and refinement, we have consumed those energies which past ages exercised



and which an imperious necessity demanded. With mute and languid stupefaction, we gaze at those gigantic figures of antiquity, in like manner as a decrepit old man surveys, with conscious infirmity, the manly sports of youth. The history we have now in contemplation, is of quite a different cast and complexion. The people who make a principal figure on this stage, were the most pacific in the European world, and the least susceptible of that heroism, which imparts an air of grandeur to actions of an ordinary size and magnitude. The school of adversity infused into their minds a peculiar vigour and energy, and forced upon them a temporary greatness, that nature had never designed for them, and which they were not destined to behold again. That sort of energy which roused them to action, is, therefore, not dormant, nor extinct among us: the signal success that crowned their daring attempt, is likewise reserved in store for us, when a favourable conjuncture offers in the revolution of ages, and similar causes call for the same measures, and a like plan of operations. It is, therefore, to a noble absence of magnanimity and heroic virtue, that conveys instruction, and constitutes the chief characteristic of this revolution; and whereas others propose to themselves, as their main object, to show the superiority of genius over fate and fortune, I shall now endeavour to exhibit a picture, wherein chance creates heroes, and genius is the offspring of necessity.

This small volume concludes with the year 1559, when Philip had invested his sister, Margaret of Anjou, with the government of the Netherlands, from whence he soon after took his final departure, leaving there a worthy instrument of a bigoted and cruel despot, in the able, yet deservedly infamous, Duke of Alva.

N. L. T.

#### VARIETIES.

SELECTED FROM RECENT LETTERS OF CONTINENTAL CORRESPONDENTS.

##### THE DUKE OF ORLEANS.

It was the Duke of Orleans himself who presented to the King of France the letter addressed to his Royal Highness by M. Cauchois-Lemaire, which has since become the subject of prosecution, and of so much general remark. However frank and loyal the proceeding of the Duke may be esteemed in itself, his reception is said to have been any thing but grateful to his feelings, or complimentary as an interpretation of his motives.

##### MADNESS OF A WHOLE FAMILY.

A very singular case of sudden and unaccountable madness, in an entire family, of the Commune de Trévère, (Arrondissement Saint Brieux), has excited much local interest, and has even created an ineffectual inquiry into its cause on the part of the most celebrated physiologists of Paris.

Jean Lepage, a farmer and proprietor of lands, the produce whereof enabled him to support, in comfort and respectability, his wife, his sister-in-law, a son, and a daughter, and whose conduct, as that of every member of his family, had been marked by regularity and inoffensiveness, who had lived on the most kind and friendly terms with his neighbours, some time since wholly withdrew himself from all communication with his acquaintances; and, imitated by the rest of his family, retired wholly from other society than that which his own roof sheltered. They refused to reply to any one they met,—they spoke not even with each other,—as they passed along, signs were the only medium by which they conveyed their sentiments. The hitherto well-cultivated farms, held by Jean Lepage, were abandoned and neglected, and laid open to the ingress of every species of cattle: his *grange*, which was well stored with corn, was never resorted to; and, finally, after long indulging in their gloomy reserve, the characters of himself and his relations assumed all the marks of highly-excited derangement. Who-mever was met on their passage, as they walked forth in company, was certain of being assaulted. They visited the church of their parish, but not for the purposes of devotion: on the contrary, their irreverent and riotous behaviour interfered frequently with the due celebration of its rites; and, at length, in an access of frenzy, Jean Lepage struck the curate, even while he was in the performance of his sacred functions at the foot of the altar. Repeated violence offered to their neighbours, coupled with this last outrage, induced an order for the arrest of the family; they were conducted to prison; and subsequently brought up for examination before the magistrates; but they refused to reply to inquiry,—treated exhortation and remonstrance with disdain,—and were wholly inac-

cessible to reproach or intreaty. The two women and the children were called separately before the magistrates, without the latter being enabled to induce them to speak. They were, as a necessary precaution, re-conducted to prison, but every attention their singularly unfortunate state demanded was shown them. Lepage here refused all nourishment; for eight days, he never suffered aliment of any kind to pass his lips; his strength decayed rapidly; he sustained all the horrors of voluntary starvation with the courage of a martyr; and it was not until it became too evident that his existence would be speedily terminated by his obstinate refusal of nourishment, that he and his family were released from confinement. They returned to their now wretched home, but the former violence they had exhibited was not repeated; a deep and settled melancholy seemed to have possessed them. For the last twenty-two months, they have daily wandered forth, the father in company with his son, and, at a short distance behind them, the three females. They speak not amongst themselves, nor do they address others; and the only offensive peculiarity in their manner, is that of never diverging from their path, let them meet whom they may. All who encounter them, however, from humanity or fear, move from their way; and thus they pursue their miserable career to the astonishment and pity of those who, not long since, beheld the half-famished, ragged, and unhappy wretches whom they now see, the most contented and the most respected members of their small commune.

##### POLICE OF FRANCE.

A rich merchant of Lyons was very lately robbed in that city, to a very large amount; and, after using every exertion in his power, was led to believe that the thief had fled to, and was resident in Paris, whither he directed his course, without the least delay. On his arrival in the metropolis, he communicated to one of his friends, (a literary character, and whose political writings had assured him some months' detention in prison, and an acquaintance with the police,) the history of his loss, and his suspicions regarding its author. 'If he be in Paris,' replied his friend, 'I engage he shall be forthcoming. Follow me.' They were soon in the presence of an officer of the *gendarmérie*, who, having listened composedly to the merchant's narration, ordered him to return on the morrow. The next day, the merchant having presented himself, the officer, informed him that he had discovered the thief; that he was in Paris, and his residence known. 'Let us lose no time, Sir,' exclaimed the eager and expectant merchant, in the fear he should escape. 'Do not alarm yourself,' said the other; 'he is strictly watched, and is even associated with the Police.' 'I shall instantly hasten for an order of arrest from the Procureur du Roi,' continued the merchant, in preparing to depart. 'Not quite so hasty, if you please,' replied the apathetic officer; 'that you will obtain the order you propose, I pretend not to deny; or that it will be imperative on me to show it obedience; but you will decidedly defeat your object; and the man you seek will be unattainable.' 'I do not understand you, Sir.' 'Listen for a moment, and I shall explain the matter. My responsibility as a police-officer is great, and extends to the interests of the community in general. I require many hands, and the means accorded me of satisfying them are trifling; yet if I do not pay well I shall want assistance; and if they whom I employ can gain more on their own account than in executing my orders, it would be impossible for me to act. I therefore, of necessity, conform to the long-established usages of my department. A criminal, you may be aware, is ever upon the alarm; but so long as he is not directly and publicly charged with a particular offence, I accept a compromise with him; and he pays me in return a monthly sum, which goes to the remuneration of my subalterns. The very man in question relies at this moment upon the faith of our treaty, assured of not being molested until I have special orders regarding him. In that event, I am bound in honour to advise him that our agreement is at an end, and that he must look to his own safety. He will then use his best attempts to escape, and I to entrap him. The person you inquire for is in the situation I have mentioned; and, if you will follow my counsel, before you proceed judicially, you had better try conciliatory measures. I shall direct him to be tomorrow, at a certain hour, in the *Rue Monconseil*, and you will meet him there. Two of my men shall be near you for your protection. You will enter into an explanation with the robber; and I shall be greatly surprised if, after the hints I shall convey to him, you do not come to a satisfactory arrangement in respect to the stolen property.'

The interview took place as proposed, and an amicable agreement was entered into. The merchant, when well assured of restitution, presented the officer with a sum far inferior to what the expense of prosecution on his part would have amounted to; while, even in the latter case, justice might have been probably better satisfied by the result than the merchant himself.

This circumstance, which but recently occurred, and on the truth of which implicit reliance may be placed, tends to prove that the Police (of Paris at least) is less devoid of information respecting the authors of crimes, than it is deficient in zeal, activity, and disinterestedness.

##### NEW PICTURE.

Monsieur Lethiere, Professor of Painting in Paris, and Member of the Institute of France, who exhibited, with great success, a few years since, a large picture called 'The Judgment of Brutus,' has just arrived in London; bringing with him a picture of similar magnitude, and, report says, of still higher promise—its subject, 'The Death of Virginia.' The Lords of the Treasury, with a liberality which does them honour, have directed that this picture may be passed through the Custom-house, free of all duties; a compliment, in some measure, due to the Painter, for having selected this country, in preference to his own or any other, for the display of his distinguished talents.

##### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

'The Life and Times of Francis the First of France,' in two volumes, is preparing for publication, embellished with an engraving of Francis, from Titian's Painting in the Louvre.

The second series of 'The Romance of History,' is in a state of forwardness, to comprise tales illustrative of the Romantic Annals of France, from the reign of Charlemagne to that of Louis XIVth inclusive.

In the press, 'Observations on Geographical Projections, with a description of Georama,' by M. De launay, member of the Geographical Society at Paris, and inventor and constructor of the Georama there.

Shortly will appear 'The First Lines of Philosophical and Experimental Chemistry,' by Mr. J. S. Forsyth. The First Lines of Analytical and Experimental Mineralogy by the same author is nearly ready.

Speedily will be published, in one pocket volume, the Boarding-school and Teacher's Directory; or, the addresses of the best London Masters in every department of Education, and of the principal Finishing and Preparatory Seminaries for young Ladies and Gentlemen, in and near the Metropolis.

Speedily will be published, a Whole-Length Portrait of Thomas Clarkson, Esq., M.A., Vice-President of the Anti-Slavery Society, author of 'The History and Abolition of the Slave Trade,' 'Life of William Penn,' &c., &c. From the original Picture, painted by A. E. Chalon, Esq., R.A., engraved by C. Turner, Esq., engraver in ordinary to His Majesty.

A General Compendium of the County Histories of England; comprehending the History, Antiquities, Topography, &c., of every County in England.

Country Stories, Scenes, and Characters; forming a Third Series of 'Our Village.' By Mary Russell Mitford.

Foscari, and Julian, Tragedies. By Mary Russell Mitford.

The Art of Invigorating and Prolonging Life; also, Peptic Precepts, pointing out agreeable and effectual Methods to prevent and relieve Indigestion, and to regulate and strengthen the Action of the Stomach and Bowels. By the late William Kitchen, M.D.

A Dissertation on the Passage of Hannibal over the Alps. By the Rev. J. A. Cramer, M.A., and H. L. Wickham, Esq.

The Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo, (Savary, Minister of Police under Napoleon,) which have been promised to the public for many years, but of which the publication has been, from various circumstances, delayed till now, are positively about to appear. The Duke's intimate acquaintance with the secret history of the Court and Government of Napoleon, cannot fail to render his memoirs one of the most attractive works that have appeared during the present century.

Mr. Cooper, the celebrated American novelist, (author of 'The Red Rover,' 'The Pilot,' 'The Prairie,' &c.), has in the press a work of a completely original character, entitled, 'America, by a Travelling Bachelor; or, Facts and Opinions relative to the United States. In a Series of Letters,' forming 2 vols. 8vo.

Mr. D'Israeli is about to publish a fourth Edition of his work, called 'The Literary Character; or, the History of Men of Genius, drawn from their own feelings and confessions,' with a new Preface, and a Letter and Notes by Lord Byron.

A Novel, which is reported to be of a very striking and original character, will soon appear, under the title of 'Marriage in High Life;' edited by the authoress of 'Flirtation.'

Mr. Burke, the author of the popular 'Dictionary of the Peerage and Baronetage of the United Kingdom,' is preparing for publication a work which has long been wanted, and must be of the greatest use and value; namely, a Dictionary of the Commoners of Great Britain, qualified, by landed fortune, to become County Members of Parliament, but undistinguished by any hereditary title of honour; with the genealogical history of their families.

An Octavo Edition of Mr. Leigh Hunt's recent work, 'Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries,' will be published early this month.

The Continental Traveller's Oracle, or New Maxims for Locomotion, by Dr. Abraham Eldon, is announced, and is reported to be a work of much wit and originality.

A Second Edition of 'The Red Rover' is in the press.

'Babylon the Great; or, Men and Things in the British Capital,' a Second Edition, with additions and corrections, will shortly appear.

A new Tale of the Beau Monde. By the Authoress of 'English Fashionables Abroad,' will speedily be published, under the title of 'English Fashionables at Home.' The former work of this Writer gave a brilliant and lively sketch of the Manners of the Aristocracy on the Continent; in her forthcoming Novel, she proposes to delineate them as they appear in their Drawing Rooms, and at their Country Seats in England.

The Marquis de Londonderry's Narrative of the Peninsular War, will be published in the first week of the present month.

Shortly will be published, 'Narrative of an Ascent to the summit of Mont Blanc, on the 8th and 9th of August, 1837.'

Mr. Cooper, the American novelist, is now in London, superintending his work on America.

In the press, a Comparative View of the Social Life of England and France, from the Restoration of Charles the Second to the French Revolution. By the Editor of Madame du Defand's Letters. In 1 vol. 8vo.

Detraction Displayed. By Mrs. Opie. In 1 vol. 8vo.

A Treatise on the Valuation of Property for the Poor's Rate; showing the Method of Rating Lands, Buildings, Tithes, Mines, Woods, River and Canal Tolls, and Personal Property. With an Abstract of the Poor Laws relative to Rates and Appeals. By T. S. Baylis, Author of 'Rights and Tithes.' 1 vol. 8vo.

The second volume of Researches into the Causes, Nature, and Treatment of the more prevalent Diseases of India, and of Warm Climates generally. Illustrated with Cases, Post-mortem Examinations, and numerous coloured engravings of Morbid Structures. By James Annesley, Esq., of the Madras Medical Establishment, late Surgeon to the Madras General Hospital, M.R.C.S. and M.R.A.S.

Transactions of the Medical and Chirurgical Society of London. Vol. XIV. Part I. in 8vo. with five coloured plates.

Tales and Romances of the Author of Waverley, containing 'St. Ronan's Well,' 'Redgauntlet,' 'Tales of the Crusaders,' and 'Woodstock.' In 7 vols., 18mo., second edition, with frontispieces and vignette titles, uniform with, and in continuation of, the Novels, Tales, and Romances, in 25 vols., 18mo.

An Essay on Wheel Carriages, containing a concise View of their Origin, and a Description of the Variety now in Use. By J. Fuller, Coach-Builders, Bath, author of the Patent Shafts for Two-Wheel Carriages, and the Patent Locking for those with Four. In 1 vol., 8vo., with plates.

Personal Narrative of Travels in Colombia. By Baron De Humboldt. From the original French, by Helen Maria Williams. Vol. 7.

Constancy. A Poem. By W. H. Merie, Esq., 1 vol., 8vo.

Transactions of the Literary Society of Madras. 4to., with plates.

Bibliographia Cantabrigiensi; or, Remarks upon the most valuable and curious Book Rarities in the University of Cambridge. Illustrated by original letters, and notes biographical, literary, and antiquarian.

Reminiscences into the Origin and Affinity of the Principal Languages of Asia and Europe. By Lieut.-Col. Vans Kennedy, of the Bombay Military Establishment. 4to., with plates.

Observations on Early Rising and on Early Prayer, as a Means of Happiness, and as an Incentive to Devotion. By Henry Watkins Head, A.M., Curate of Broomfield, Somerset. 1 vol. 12mo.

A Manual of Advice to Young Candidates for Holy Orders; designed to guide them to correct principles for their future life. In a series of letters from a father to his son, preparatory to his ordination. 1 vol. crown, 12mo.

An Introduction to Entomology; or, Elements of the Natural History of Insects. By William Kirby, M.A. F.R.S. and L.S., and William Spence, Esq., F.L.S. New edit. in 4 thick vols., 8vo., with plates, and portraits of the authors.

On the 1st of May will be published, The Magazine of Natural History; and Journal of Zoology, Botany, Mineralogy, Geology, and Meteorology. By J. C. Loudon, F.L.S. H.S., &c. To be continued in Monthly Numbers, price 2s. 6d.

#### LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

Sonthey's Peninsular War, vols. 1 to 4, 8vo., 2l. 2s.

Ireland, its Evils and their Remedies, by M. T. Sadler, 8vo., 12s.

The Christian Year, third edition, 18mo., 6s.

The Cyrene Wreath, by Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson, fe. 8vo., 7s.

India, by R. Rickards, Esq., demy 8vo., part 1, 4s. 6d.

Wood's Ruins of Balbeck and Palmyra, folio, 6l. 6s.

Hearne Ectypa Varia, 4to., 2l. 2s.

Dr. Uwins on Indigestion, &c., 8vo., 7s. 6d.

Dwight's Sermons, 3 vols., 8vo., 24s.

Sketches, Scenes, and Narratives, 18mo., 5s.

An Account of the Poor Dutch Colonies, 12mo., 6s.

Contrast, by Mrs. Roche, 3 vols., 12mo., 21s.

#### WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Month.	Therm.	Barom.	Winds.	Weather.	Prevailing Cloud.
March.	A.M. P.M.	at Noon.			
Wed.	2 51° 45°	29.86	N.E.	Cloudy.	Cirrostratus
Thurs.	3 44 30	29.88	N.to N.E.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Frid.	4 42 41	30.12	N.E.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Satur.	5 48 46	29.52	Variable	Rain.	Cl. & Nimb.
Sun.	6 50 45	29.22	a to N.W.	Cloudy.	Cir. Cumul.
Mon.	7 44 44	28.95	S.W.	Rain.	Cir. Nimb.
Tues.	8 46 45	28.86	S.E.	Cloudy.	Cirrostratus

Rain on the nights of Saturday and Sunday. Mornings fair except on Sunday and Monday.

Astronomical Observations.

The Sun and Saturn 3° distant on Thursday at 11½ A.M.

The Moon and Jupiter in conjunction on Wednesday.

The Sun's longitude on Tuesday, 18° 37' in Aries.

The Sun's declination on ditto, 7° 18' N.

Length of day on ditto, 7 hours 32 min.

This day is published, in 9 vols. post 8vo., price 1l. 7s. **GOMEZ ARIAS, or, THE MOORS OF THE ALPUJARRAS;** a Spanish Historical Romance. By DON TALESPORO DE TRUERA Y COSIO. Dedicated, by permission, to the Right Hon. Lord Holland.

London: Hurst, Chance, and Co., 65, St. Paul's Church-yard.

This day is published, in 8vo., price 7s. 6d., **TEUTONIC ANTIQUITIES;** or, Historical and Geographical Sketches of Roman and Barbarian History. By C. CHATFIELD, Esq.

London: Sold by Hurst, Chance, and Co., 65, St. Paul's Church-yard.

In Foolscap, price 5s. **THE SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN,** and other Poems. By AGNES STRICKLAND, Authoress of 'Worcester Field, or the Cavalier.'

London: Hurst, Chance, and Co., 65, St. Paul's Church-yard.

This day is published, in post 8vo., price 8s. 6d. **THE AMERICANS AS THEY ARE.** Exemplified in a Tour through the Valley of the Mississippi; embracing Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi, Louisiana, &c. By the Author of 'Austria As It Is.'

There is much information in a small compass, without verbosity—the style is pleasant, and the work altogether of an agreeable and superior character, and deserves to be popular.—*Literary Gazette.*

We have been gratified with the same unaffected but lively style, the same terseness of description, and well-applied characteristic anecdotes, which called forth our commendation of 'Austria As It Is.'—*Athenæum.*

London: Hurst, Chance, and Co., 65, St. Paul's Church-yard.

This day, 2 vols. 4to. 4l. **THE CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND,** from the Accession of Henry VII. to the Death of George II.

By HENRY HALLAM.

Printed for John Murray, Albemarle-street.

FOURTH EDITION OF HISTORY OF THE MIDDLE AGES, 3 vols. 8vo., 36s.

**IRELAND; its EVILS, and their REMEDIES:** being a Refutation of the ERRORS of the EMIGRATION COMMITTEE, and others, relating to that country.

'Dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.'

By MICHAEL THOMAS SADLER.

Printed for John Murray, Albemarle-street.

On the 15th will be published, in 12mo., price 7s. **THE LIFE OF MANSIE WAUGH, TAILOR**

IN DALKEITH. Written by Himself.

Part of this Autobiography originally appeared in 'Blackwood's Magazine.'

Printed for William Blackwood, Edinburgh; and T. Cadell, Strand, London.

**DR. HUTTON'S ARITHMETIC AND BOOK-KEEPING, IMPROVED BY MR. INGRAM.**

Published this day, in one complete vol. 12mo., 2s. bound.

**A COMPLETE TREATISE ON PRACTICAL ARITHMETIC AND BOOK-KEEPING,** both by Single and Double Entry. By CHARLES HUTTON, LL.D., &c. A New Edition, adapted to the Imperial Standard of Weights and Measures, with a new Set of Books by Double Entry, exemplifying the modern Practice of Book-Keeping, and many other important Additions and Improvements. Edited by ALEXANDER INGRAM, Author of a Concise System of Mensuration, Principles of Arithmetic, &c.

Printed for Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; and Geo. B. Whitaker, London.

The following Works are nearly ready for publication, by HENRY COLBURN, New Burlington-street.

**SALATHIEL; a STORY OF THE PAST, the PRESENT, and the FUTURE.** 3 vols., post 8vo.

**THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY'S NARRATIVE OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.** 4to., with Maps and Plans.

**RELIGIOUS DISCOURSES,** by a LATMAN, 8vo., 4s. 6d.

**MEMOIRS OF THE DUKE OF ROVIGO,** (M. Savary,) Minister of Police under Napoleon, written by himself. Editions in French and English, in two Parts, 8vo., 14s.

**THE CROPER.** A Tale of 1798. By the Author of 'Tales of the O'Hara Family.' 3 vols., 8vo., 21s.

**MEXICO IN 1827.** By H. G. WARD, Esq., late Chargé d'Affaires of his Britannic Majesty to that country. 3 vols. 8vo., with maps and plates.

**CORNISH MAGAZINE.** The only Periodical in the West of England.

ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

Mr. PHILIP offers his best acknowledgments to the kind friends whose communications have contributed to raise the 'Cornish Magazine' to its present popularity. Its extensive circulation far exceeding his most sanguine hopes, has long induced him to wish that the literary management were in the hands of a gentleman, qualified by education and acquirements to maintain and improve its character; his wishes are about to be accomplished; and as the Magazine will henceforth be conducted under more favourable auspices, he feels assured that it will merit the patronage and favour of its numerous readers.

Falmouth, April, 1838.

NEW WORKS

Just published by R. Ackermann, 96, Strand.

**SIX VIEWS OF GIBRALTAR,** from Drawings by Lieutenant H. A. West, 12th Infantry. Small folio, India paper, 12s.

**ASIATIC COSTUMES;** a Series of 44 coloured Engravings, from Designs taken from Life; with a Description to each. 12mo., in boards, 18s.

**CHARACTERS AND DESCRIPTION OF THE GRAND FANCY BALL** given by the British Ambassador, Sir Henry Wellesley, at Vienna, at the conclusion of the Carnival, 1826. Thirteen coloured plates, demy 4to., 12s.

**TOM RAW, THE GRIFFIN;** a Burlesque Poem, descriptive of the Adventures of a Cadet in the East India Company's Service. Twenty-five coloured plates, royal 8vo., 21s.

**GOTHIC FURNITURE;** consisting of twenty-seven coloured Engravings, from Designs by A. Pugin; with descriptive Letter-press, 4to., half-bound, 35s.

On the 1st of May will be published, in elephant 4to., No. 1. of **ACKERMANN'S PICTURESQUE TOUR** OF THE RIVER THAMES from the Source to its Mouth, illustrated by 34 coloured Views, a Map, and Vignettes; from Original Drawings taken on the spot by Mr. Wm. WESTALL. Forming a companion work to Ackermann's Picturesque Tour of the Rhine, the Seine, and the Ganges. To be completed in Six Numbers, with copious Letter-press, price 14s. each. A very few copies on large paper, 21s. After the Sixth Number is published, the price will be raised to Non-Subscribers.

Just published, in demy 8vo., price 4s. 6d., Part I. of **INDIA; or, Facts submitted to illustrate the Character and Condition of the Native Inhabitants;** the causes which have, for ages, obstructed its improvement, with suggestions for reforming the present system, and the measures to be adopted for the future Government of that Country, at the expiration of the present Charter of the East India Company. By ROBERT RICKARDS, Esq.

Smith, Elder, and Co., 65, Cornhill.

Lately Published, in One Vol. post 8vo., Vignette Title, &c. **LITERARY GEMS.** In Two Parts.

'From grave to gay, from lively to severe.'

In proceeding upon a different principle of Selection from that usually adopted, the Compiler of this Volume has endeavoured to supply what may, perhaps, be considered a desideratum among works of its kind; namely, a Selection of Pieces not generally known, yet characterised by traits of wit and humour, or distinguished by some display of the loftier energies of thought, or by splendid and powerful diction; and, for the most part, from sources not generally accessible; and, among many articles of this description, the volume contains Colman's bitter and sarcastic Preface (afterwards suppressed) to the Play of 'The Iron Chest,'—Four humorous Letters, from the Hon. Andrew Erskine to James Boswell, Esq.,—and one of Sir Hugh Dalrymple to Lord Dundas, on Church Patronage,—that excellent *jeu d'esprit* 'The Diamond Beetle,' (a caricature of certain Lords of Session,)—'Phantasmagoria,' by the Author of Waverley, &c.—A ludicrous description of 'Life in the Country,' from the pen of the late Sir John Dalrymple, &c. &c. With some Original Pieces, among which 'The Disdain,' a Grecian Narrative, will be found worthy of attention.

Printed for Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, London; Cadell and Co., Edinburgh; and Alexander Brown and Co., Aberdeen.

'We presume that the volume is principally intended for "a parlour-window book," to while away the gloom of a winter's evening; or to provide the coffee-room with a resource for the traveller, &c. For such purposes this volume will be invaluable. Several of the selections are highly amusing; and whatever be the turn of the reader's taste, whether he be in a playful or a serious mood, or whether he desire a satire or a sermon, he cannot fail to find among the contents something to suit his temper.'

If the Editor intended this compilation for the use of schools, we regret that he did not exercise a more judicious judgment in forming his selections. We should be sorry to see that ill-natured Preface to 'The Iron Chest' in the hands of any youth. Still more should we regret to find him reading the account of the Atheistical Club, or of Cooke's drunken scenes in Dublin. We are ready to admit, that to these, and several other papers of equally questionable character, there is a sufficient number of antidotes in this volume. Indeed several of the moral and philosophic pieces are eminently instructive, while the poetical extracts evince considerable taste as well as propriety of feeling.—*Monthly Review, April.*

Third Edition, price 7s. 6d. Dedicated, by Permission, to the Lord Bishop of London.

**THE OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY.** A Poem. By ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

The following remarks are copied from 'The Times.'

'THE OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY.'

'Mr. Montgomery's excellent poem on this awful and impressive subject has, not more rapidly than deservedly, arrived at a second edition. The work is dedicated, by permission, to the Lord Bishop of London, and is, in every respect, worthy the countenance and protection of that elevated dignitary. The author is, we understand, a very young man; but, in this production, he has displayed a depth and maturity of thought, a strength and justness of reasoning, which would do honour to any writer of the present day. His versification combines, in no ordinary degree, energy and elegance; his figures are beautifully appropriate—they are never introduced merely at the suggestion of fancy, but are called in to illustrate some feeling of the mind, or some affection of the heart. A glowing spirit of fervid devotion distinguishes the whole work. In every page we find—

'Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.'

'The author appears to have felt, that he stood in the presence of Him whose greatness he was celebrating; to Him he has prayed for inspiration, and from Him he has received it. He describes, with felicitous effect, the presence of the Deity in all times and places—in the glare of day, and in the darkness of night; in the storms of winter, in the mild breath of spring, in the gorgeous glory of summer, and in the fruition of Autumn. The all-seeing eye is never closed; it penetrates our most secret thoughts; it views our most covert designs; it is fixed on us when we are born,—it marks us during youth, manhood, and old age,—and, when the death-bed scene arrives, it is still fixed on us. The author has inculcated this principle with a force and vigour worthy of the theme; he calls on his fellow-men, eloquently and affectionately, never to let the fact escape from their memory, that the Deity is ever present; and he argues, that, where such a feeling exists, it must check the growth of evil, counteract the tendency of human nature to vice, and extend the empire of virtue. A purer body of ethics we have never read; and he who could peruse it without emotion, clothed, as it is, in the graceful garb of poetry, must have a very cold and insensible heart.'

There are several small poems attached to the volume, which possess great merit. That entitled 'The Crucifixion,' cannot be read without emotion.—*The Times, April 1, 1828.*

London: Printed and Published every Tuesday and Friday morning, by WILLIAM LEWIS, at the Office, 147, Strand, near Somerset House.